



FIGHTING JETS OVER KOREA!

Captain **Steve Savage**

**BATTLES** *the* **RED**  
**MYSTERY JET**



10c  
No. 8

EVERETT  
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# CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE

THE RUSSIAN-BUILT PLANE WAS FAST! IT WAS BUILT LIKE A BAT AND IT FLEW LIKE ONE, DESPITE THE HEAVY LAYERS OF ARMOR THAT MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR AMERICAN ACES TO SHOOT IT OUT OF THE SKIES! THE SITUATION LOOKED HOPELESS, UNTIL CAPT. STEVE SAVAGE VOLUNTEERED TO DESTROY THE "RED MYSTERY JET!"



THE RED PILOTS HAD SEEN CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE'S PLANE PLUMMET FROM THE SKY LIKE A FLAMING TORCH AND EXPLODE WHEN IT REACHED THE GROUND! BUT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT A WEIRDLY-GLOWING SHIP ZOOMED OVER ENEMY AIRFIELDS AND LEFT ITS CALLING CARDS OF DEATH! AND FLYING THE FIERY PLANE COULD BE SEEN THE FIGURE OF A MAN KNOWN TO BE DEAD--CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE!--PILOT OF... "THE GHOST SHIP!"



OUT OF THE ENEMY SKIES CAME A RUSSIAN-BUILT JET FIGHTER, HEAVILY-ARMORED, FAST AS LIGHTNING, SEEMINGLY INVINCIBLE! IT HAD TO BE CAPTURED IF ITS SECRETS WERE TO BE PROBED! CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE WAS CALLED IN TO DO THE JOB, SO THAT U.S. TECHNICIANS COULD SOLVE THE MYSTERIES OF THE...

# RED MYSTERY JET!



CHAPTER ONE...



BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES IN KOREA, CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE'S FIGHTER SQUADRON "A" IS ENGAGED IN A DOG FIGHT WITH THE REDS



SAUNDERS TO SAVAGE! I'VE HAD IT! I'LL HAVE TO PULL OUT FOR HOME!

OKAY, KID. I'LL TRY TO POLISH OFF THAT MONKEY WHO CLIPPED YOUR WINGS!





THE BATTLE RAGES FOR ANOTHER FEW MINUTES. THEN...

JACOBS TO SAVAGE!  
LOOKS LIKE THEY  
DON'T LIKE OUR  
COMPANY! THEY'VE  
LIT OUT!

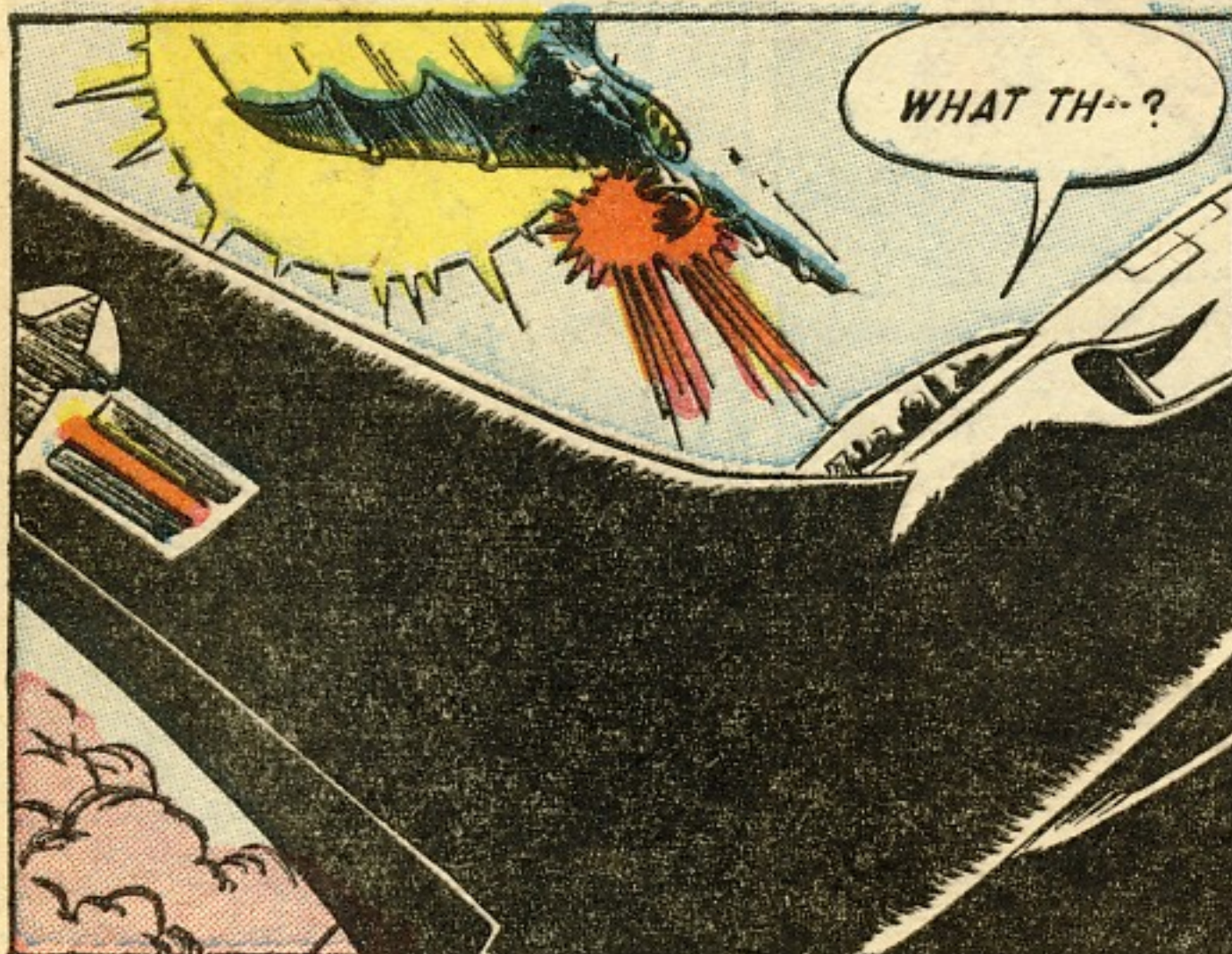
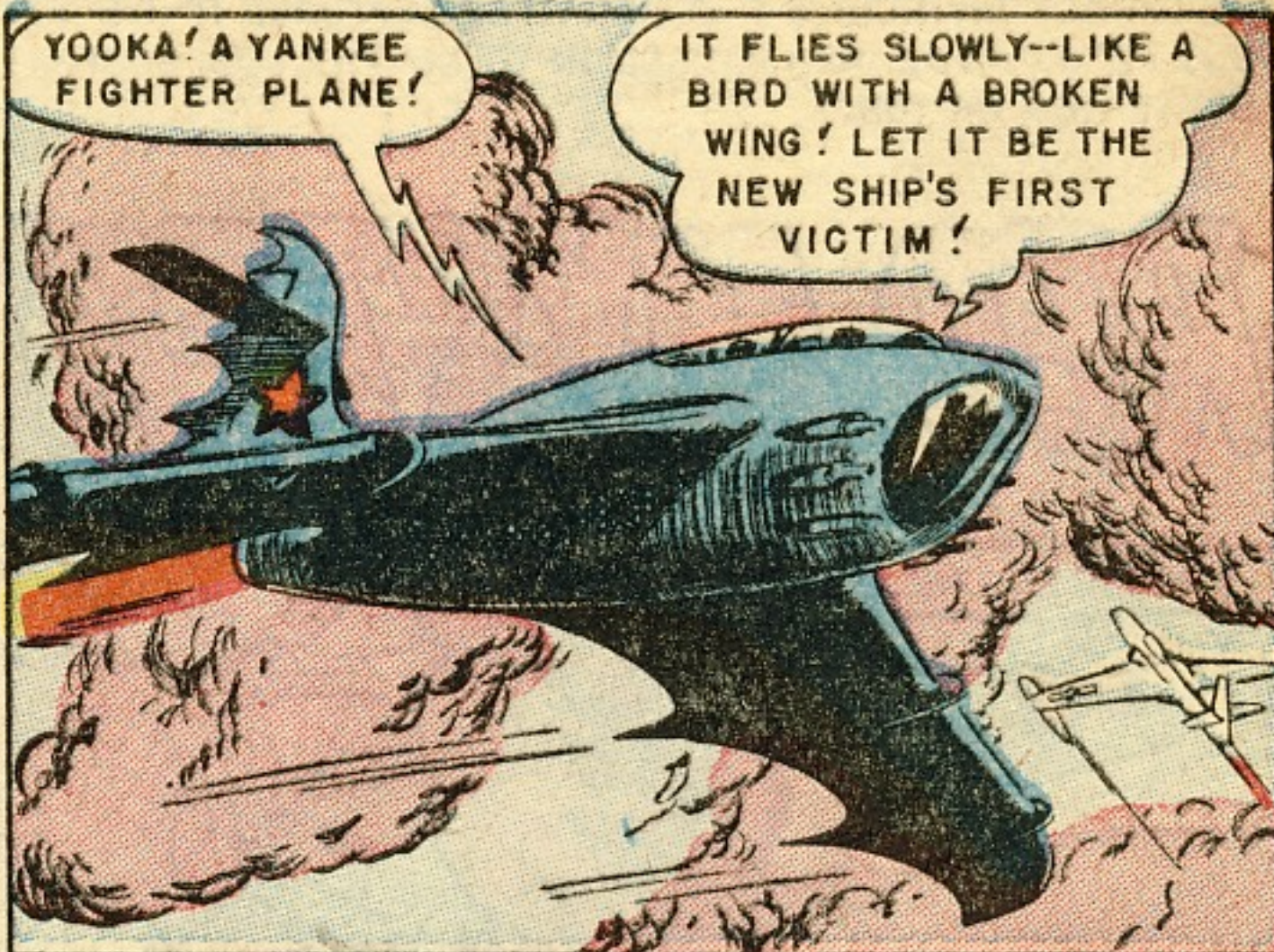
LET'S GO HOME!  
AND KEEP AN  
EYE OUT FOR  
SAUNDERS! THE  
LEAD HE COLLECTED  
MIGHT HAVE SLOWED  
HIM DOWN!



MEANWHILE, SOME MILES SOUTH, A CURIOUS-LOOKING  
ENEMY CRAFT SPOTS SAUNDERS' CRIPPLED PLANE...

YOOKA! A YANKEE  
FIGHTER PLANE!

IT FLIES SLOWLY--LIKE A  
BIRD WITH A BROKEN  
WING! LET IT BE THE  
NEW SHIP'S FIRST  
VICTIM!



WHAT TH--?

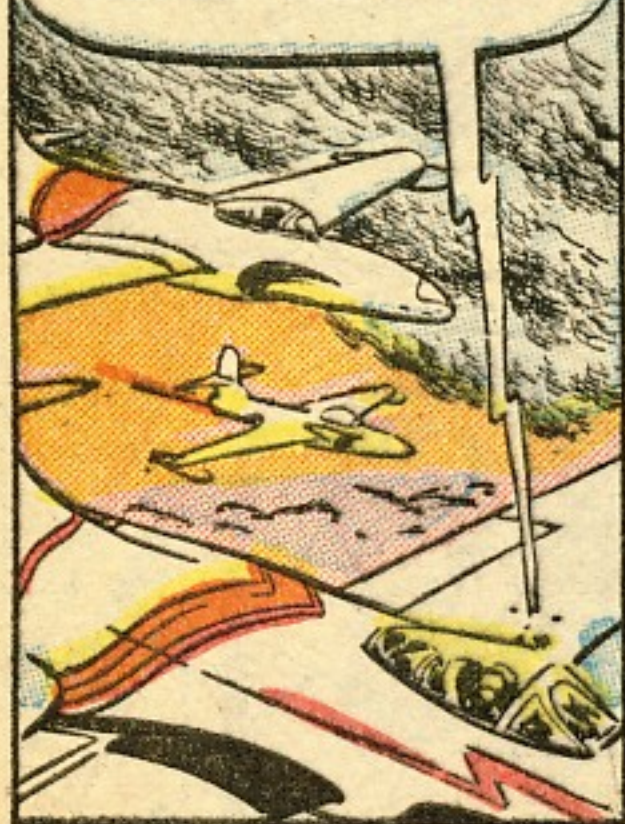
THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME --  
AND *PLENTY FAST!* I'M DEAD  
UNLESS STEVE GETS HERE IN  
TIME!

SAUNDERS  
CALLING  
SAVAGE--!



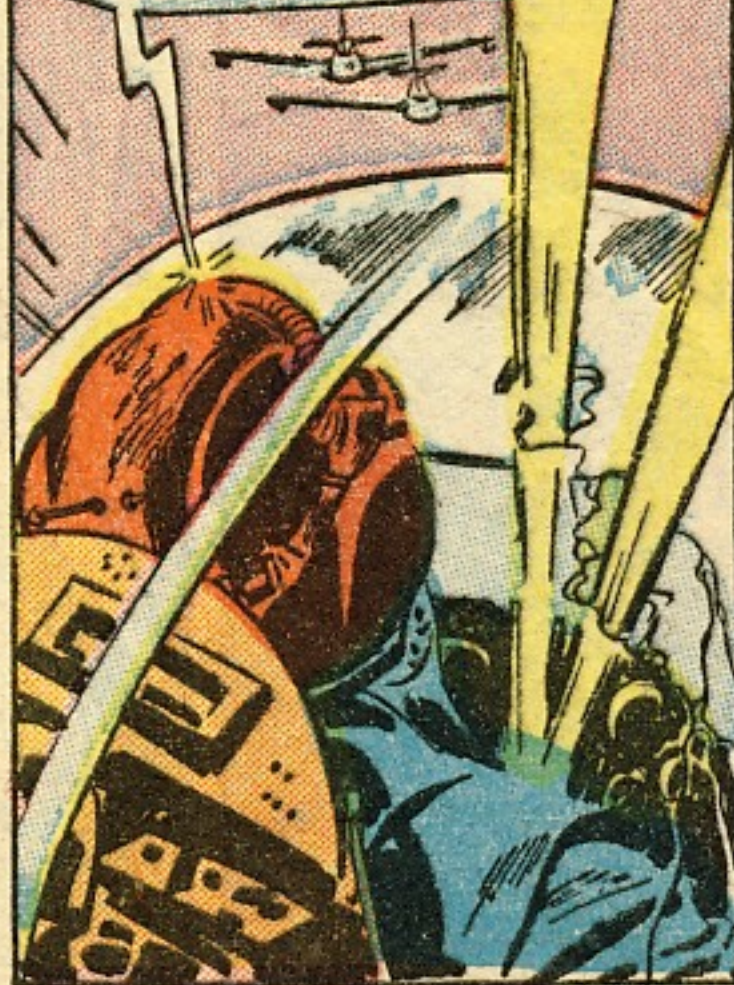
STEVE SAVAGE GETS  
SAUNDERS' PLEA FOR  
HELP!

SAVAGE TO SQUADRON!  
SAUNDERS IS UNDER  
ATTACK BY A NEW-TYPE  
ENEMY CRAFT! WE'VE  
GOT TO TRY TO  
REACH HIM!



SAUNDERS DESPERATELY  
MANEUVERS TO ESCAPE THE  
BAT SHIP'S ATTACKS!

IT'S THE BOYS! HURRY  
STEVE! I CAN'T HOLD  
OUT MUCH --



AAHHHHHHHHHHH!





AND AS SAUNDERS GOES DOWN...

HE GOT SAUNDERS! LET'S GET THAT KILLER!

I'M TAKING FIRST CRACK! YOU BOYS STAND BY IN CASE HE BOLTS!



THEY'RE SO INTERESTED IN GLOATING, THAT THEY'RE NOT EVEN AWARE OF ME! WELL, I'LL GIVE THEM A BOUQUET OF LEAD TO CONGRATULATE THEM!



STEVE CONCENTRATES HIS FIRE-POWER, BUT....

THAT PLANE'S ARMORED! I CAN'T HURT THEM!

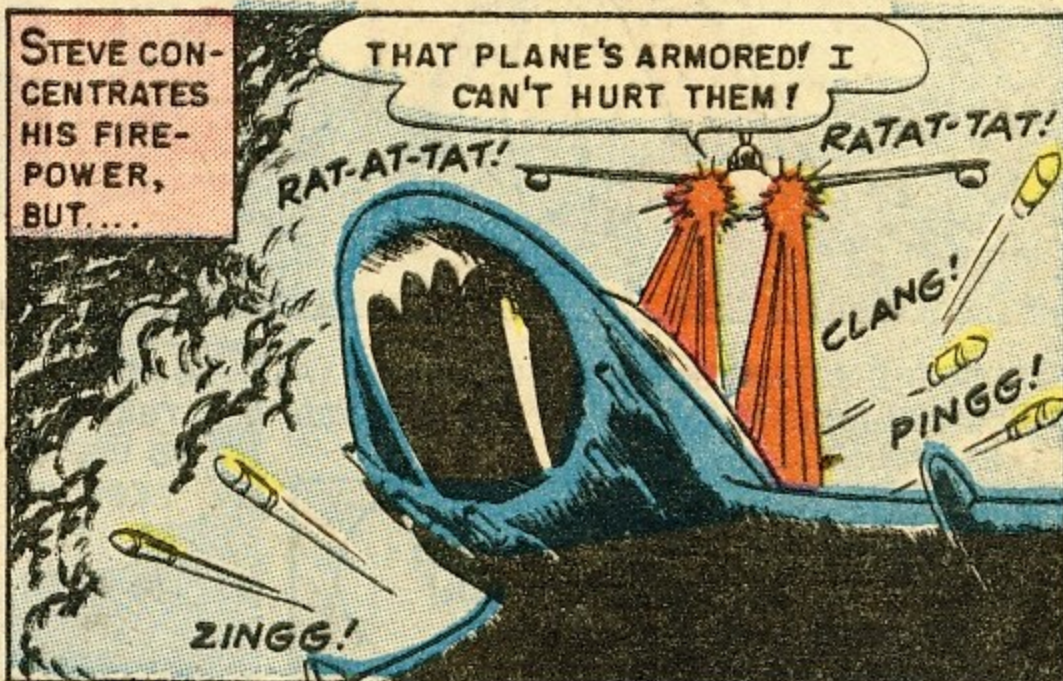
RAT-AT-TAT!

RATAT-TAT!

CLANG!

PINGG!

ZINGG!



LOOK AT THAT THING GO! THEY DIDN'T SACRIFICE AN OUNCE OF SPEED BY ADDING ARMOR!

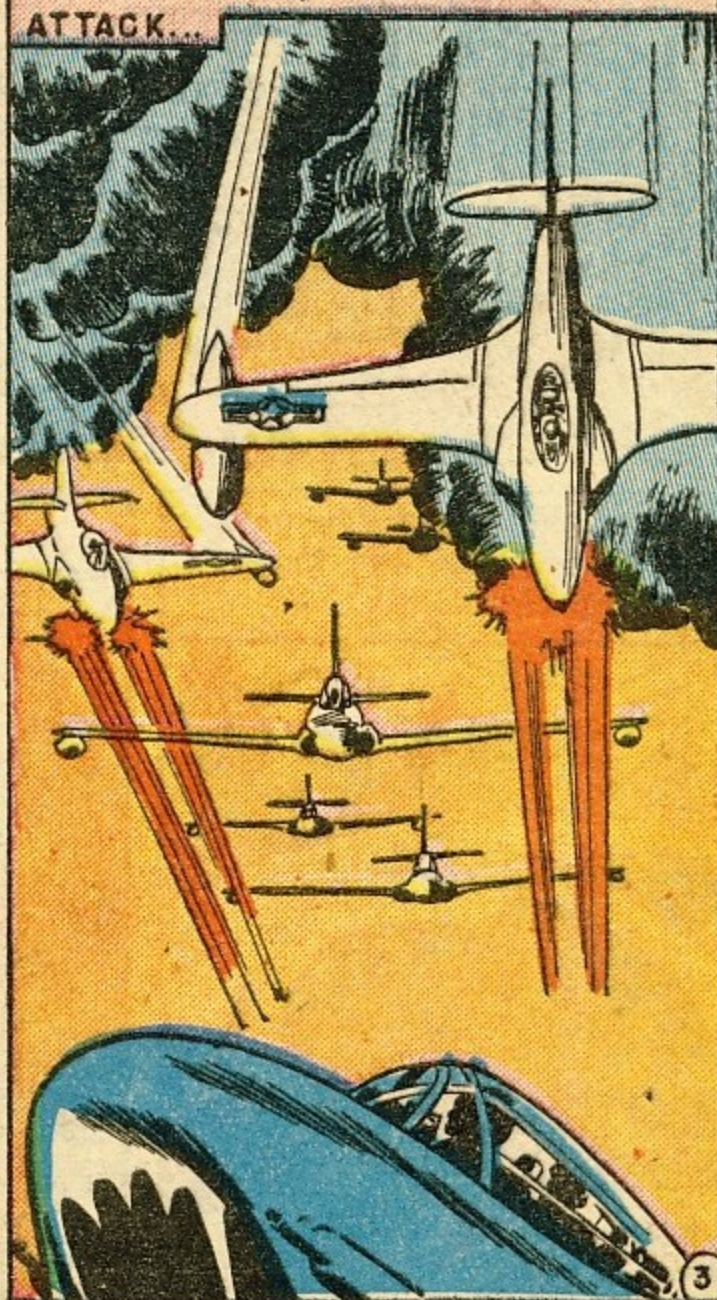


NOW HE'S ON MY TAIL! THIS BABY MUST BE SOMETHING NEW THE RUSSIANS HAVE BEEN TURNING OUT!

RAT-AT-TAT!



WHEN STEVE'S SQUADRON SEE THE DANGER HE'S IN, THEY JOIN IN THE ATTACK...





THE STRANGE CRAFT HAS NO FURTHER STOMACH FOR A FIGHT...

WHAT /S THAT THING, STEVE? --SOMETHING FROM ANOTHER PLANET?!

IT'S BAD NEWS! THE REDS HAVE TURNED OUT SOMETHING DANGEROUS!



IT TRAVELS LIKE LIGHTNING!

THE INTELLIGENCE BOYS WILL ASK US A LOT OF QUESTIONS ABOUT IT!

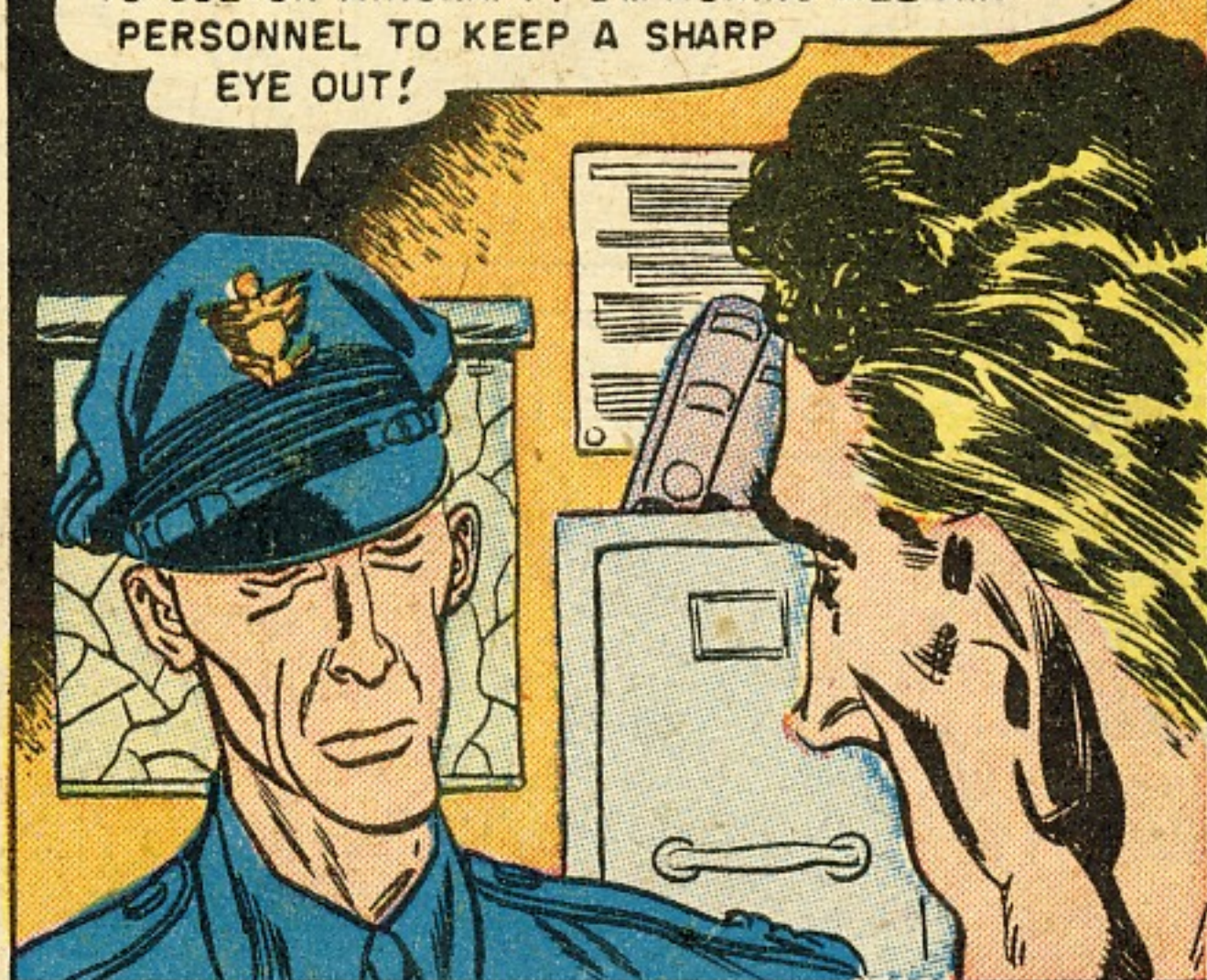


AFTER THE SQUADRON GOES THROUGH A THOROUGH INTERROGATION, STEVE IS ASKED TO STAY, AND...

CAPTAIN, THIS CRAFT SEEMS TO CHECK WITH A MODEL *OUR* NAVY HAS BEEN EXPERIMENTING ON! IT LOOKS LIKE THE ENEMY'S DECIDED TO TEST *THEIRS* IN BATTLE!



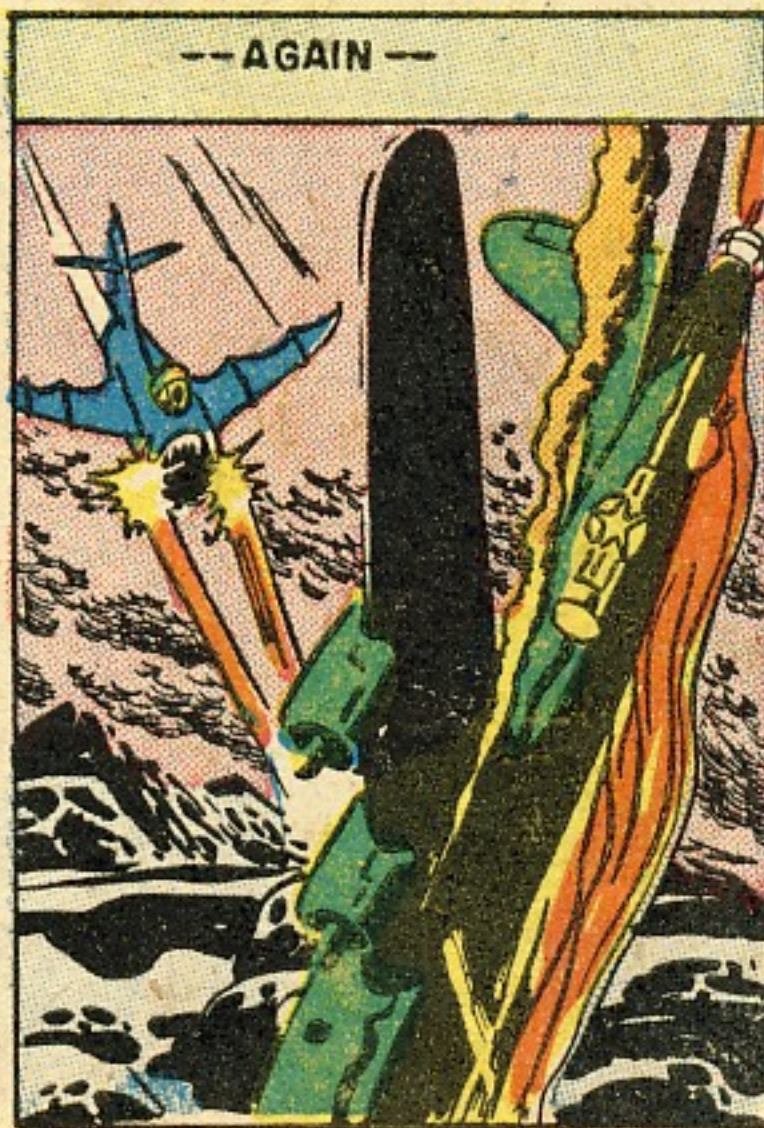
SOMEHOW, THEY'VE DEVELOPED A METAL ALLOY THAT'S BULLET-PROOF, YET LIGHT ENOUGH TO USE ON AIRCRAFT! I'M ASKING ALL AIR PERSONNEL TO KEEP A SHARP EYE OUT!



DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE NEW ENEMY JET-FIGHTER STRIKES AGAIN---



-- AGAIN --



-- AND AGAIN!





THREE WEEKS LATER, CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE IS CALLED IN TO FACE A GROUP OF AIRFORCE BRASS!

SAVAGE, WE NEED THE BEST MAN WE CAN GET FOR A TOUGH JOB--AND YOU'RE IT!

IF THE JOB HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH DOWNING THAT BAT-PLANE, I'M THANKFUL TO BE CALLED UPON.



WE DON'T WANT TO DESTROY IT-- WE WANT TO CAPTURE IT IN ONE PIECE! OUR TECHNICIANS *MUST* ANALYZE THE PROBLEM THIS PLANE HAS CREATED!



AND IT MUST BE DONE *QUICKLY*! WE CAN'T WAIT UNTIL THE ENEMY DECIDES TO REINFORCE IT WITH A FULL SQUADRON!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR! GIVE ME A FEW DAYS TO THINK THE PROBLEM OVER!



A COUPLE OF NIGHTS LATER...

IT'S OUR JOB TO LURE THE BAT PLANE BEHIND OUR OWN LINES AND FORCE IT DOWN WHERE OUR GROUND TROOPS CAN MAKE THE CAPTURE!

THAT WON'T BE EASY, STEVE!



I KNOW! BUT WE'VE GOT TO TRY! THE SHIP SEEMS TO PREFER TO STAY WELL WITHIN ENEMY TERRITORY. HOWEVER, I HAVE A PLAN THAT MAY WORK ...



THE NEXT MORNING, AN APPARENTLY CRIPPLED U.S. JET FIGHTER MAKES ITS WAY SLOWLY TOWARD FRIENDLY GROUND...

HAH, LOOK! ANOTHER CRIPPLED YANK! COME! WE WILL *FINISH HIM OFF*!





AS THE ENEMY BAT-SHIP DIVES, CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE JUGGLE'S HIS CONTROLS...

AH, THEY'VE TAKEN THE BAIT!

I'LL LIGHT OUT FAST, GAIN A FEW MILES -- THEN PRETEND I'M IN DIFFICULTIES AGAIN!

BY ALTERNATING HIS SPEED, STEVE LURES THE OTHER SHIP TO A POINT FORTY MILES FROM U.S. TERRITORY. SUDDENLY...

THEY'VE QUIT! THEY MUST HAVE SMELLED OUR TRAP! I'VE GOT TO COME UP WITH ANOTHER IDEA, BUT FAST!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

WE CAN'T LURE THE BAT ACROSS OUR LINES. SO WE'LL HAVE TO CAPTURE IT ON ITS OWN GROUNDS! HERE'S KOTO AIR-BASE, FIFTY MILES BEHIND THEIR LINES! I'M CERTAIN THE BAT CAN BE LURED DOWN THAT FAR!

BUT, HOW CAN WE LAY OUR HANDS ON IT?

THAT'S GOING TO DEPEND ON A COMBINED SQUADRON "A" AND PARATROOPER OPERATION! I'LL LURE THE BAT OVER THE AIR STRIP! YOU BOYS WILL FORCE IT DOWN! THE REST WILL DEPEND ON THE PARATROOPERS!

A FEW MORNINGS LATER OVER KOTO AIR STRIP, U.S. PARATROOPERS HIT THE SILK...

THE ATTACK IS SUDDEN AND SAVAGE! IT TAKES THE ENEMY COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE...

BAM!



THE FIGHT IS A BLOODY ONE! BUT...

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE HEAT TO GIVE THESE RATS GOLD FEET!



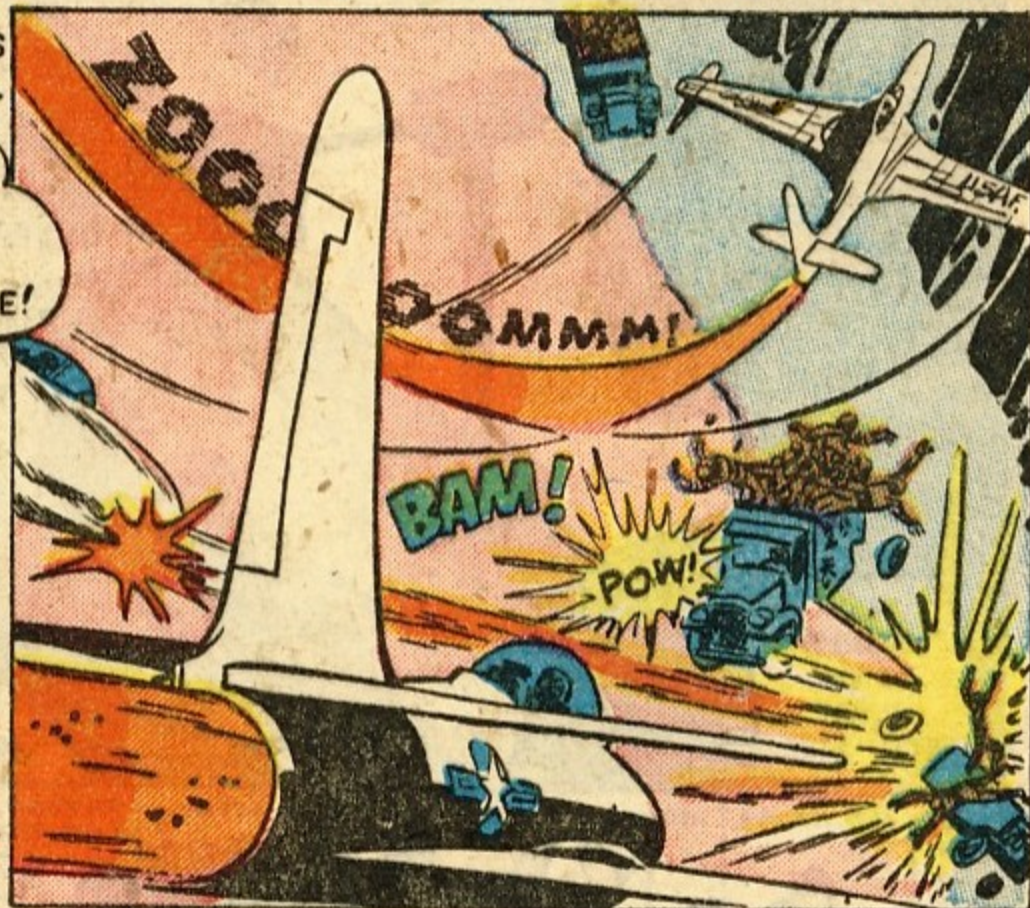
GIVE 'EM WHAT FOR! THE BRASS WANTS US IN CONTROL OF THIS AIRSTRIP!



WHILE ON GUARD AGAINST ENEMY ATTEMPTS TO REINFORCE THE REDS AT THE AIRSTRIP...

HERE COME THE BABES WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, STEVE!

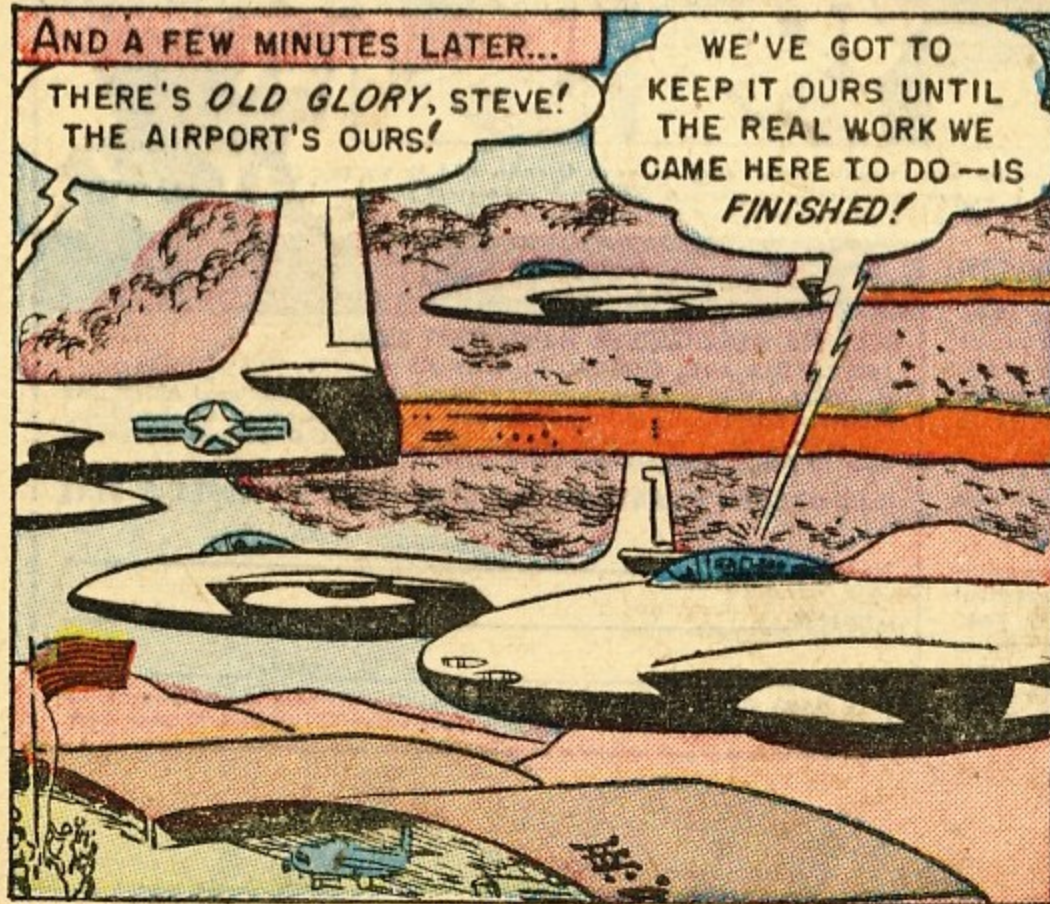
OKAY, BOYS, HIT 'EM WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT! THE ONLY PLACE THEY'RE GOING--IS THE MORGUE!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE'S *OLD GLORY*, STEVE! THE AIRPORT'S OURS!

WE'VE GOT TO KEEP IT OURS UNTIL THE REAL WORK WE CAME HERE TO DO--IS *FINISHED*!



WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE, STEVE?

FIRST WE RETURN TO BASE TO REFUEL! THEN WE BEGIN THE SECOND AND MOST DANGEROUS PHASE OF OUR PLAN!





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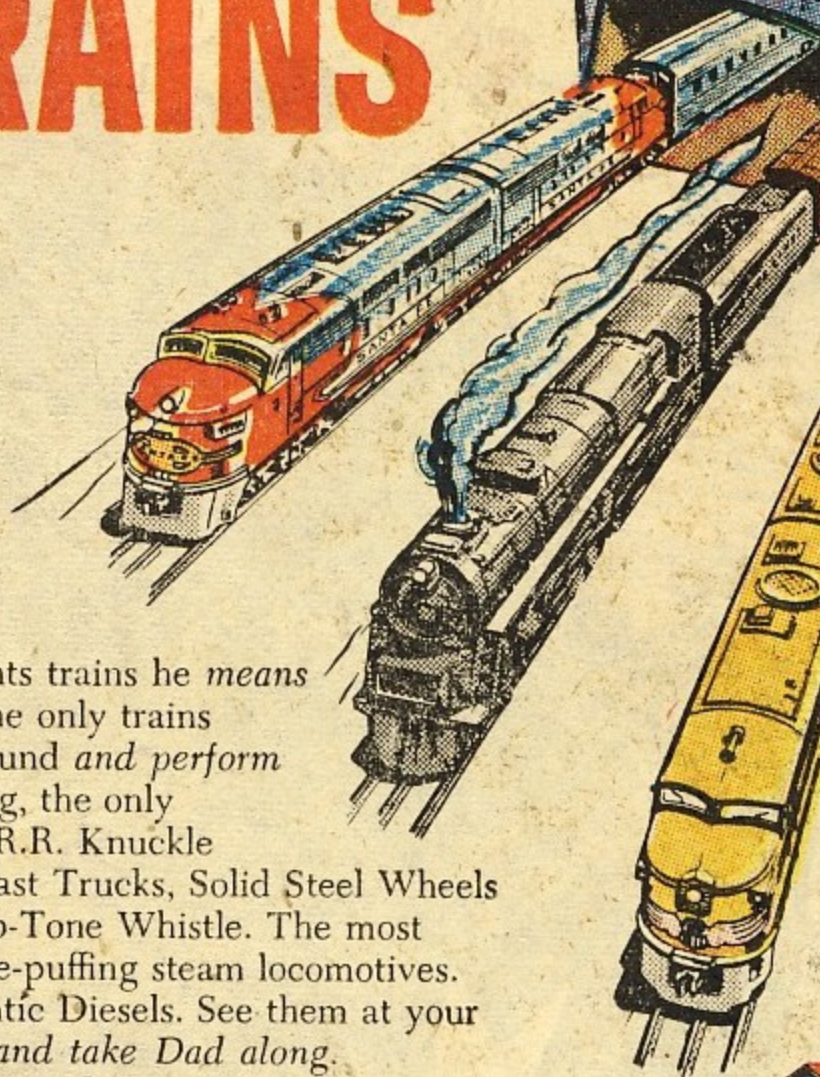


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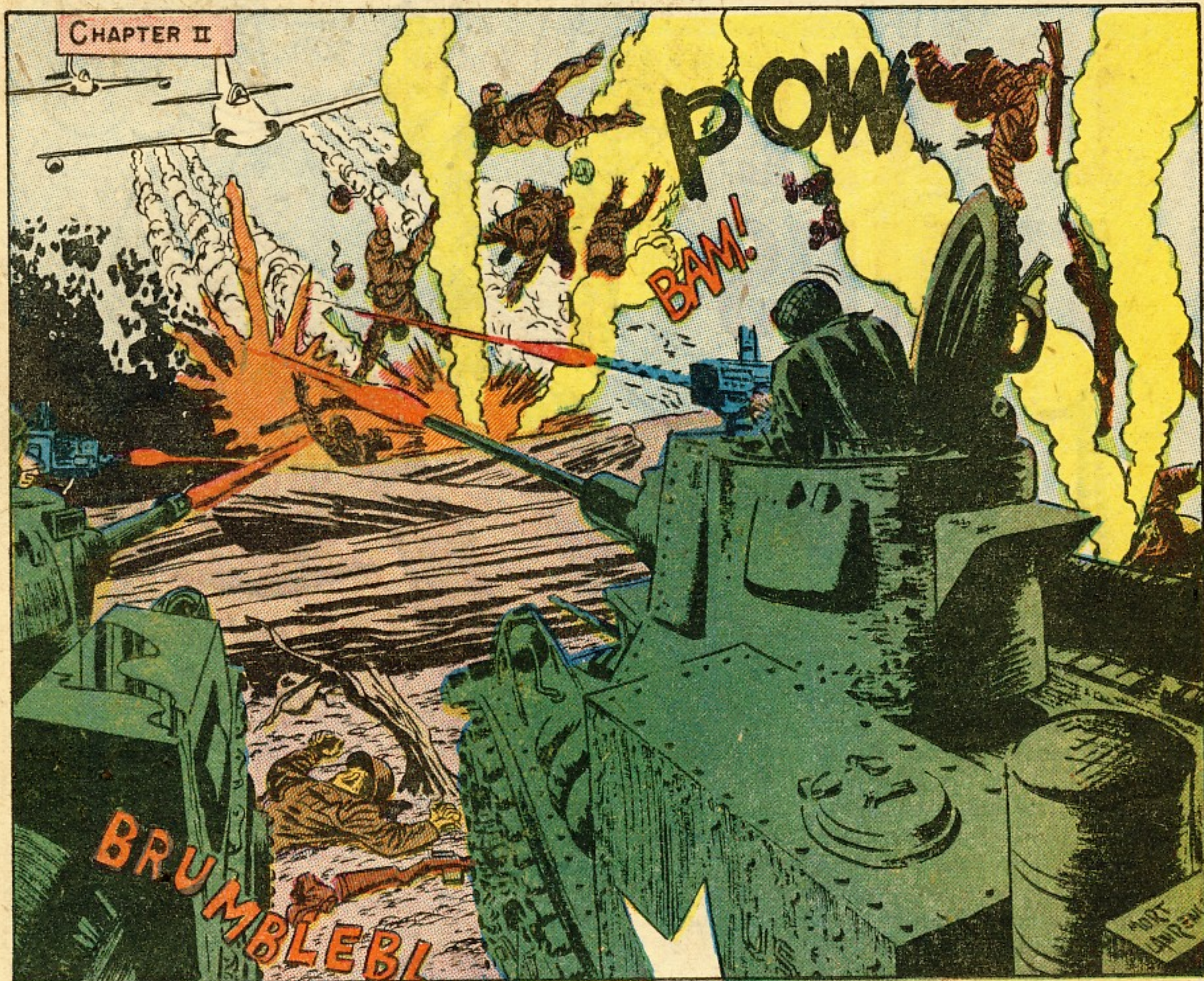
**TWO OFFERS CHECK ONE**





STUNG BY THE SUDDEN U. N. MOVE AGAINST KOTO AIRSTRIP AND THEIR HIGHLY SECRET NEW JET PLANE, THE RED ENEMY SWARMS AROUND THEIR CAPTURED BASE! THEIR ORDERS-- *KILL ANYONE WHO TRIES TO GET THROUGH!* CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND THE U.S. PARATROOPERS MUST NOW FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF THE FEROCIOUS---

# ENEMY TRAP!



THE MORNING AFTER THE CAPTURE OF KOTO AIRSTRIP FINDS STEVE SAVAGE OVER THE AREA WHERE THE BAT-PLANE OPERATES. HIS LONE PLANE IS QUICKLY SIGHTED AND THE BAT POUNCES TO THE ATTACK!



PAH! THAT IS THE SAME YANKEE PIG WE FAILED TO DOWN LAST WEEK! WE MUST NOT FAIL THIS TIME!

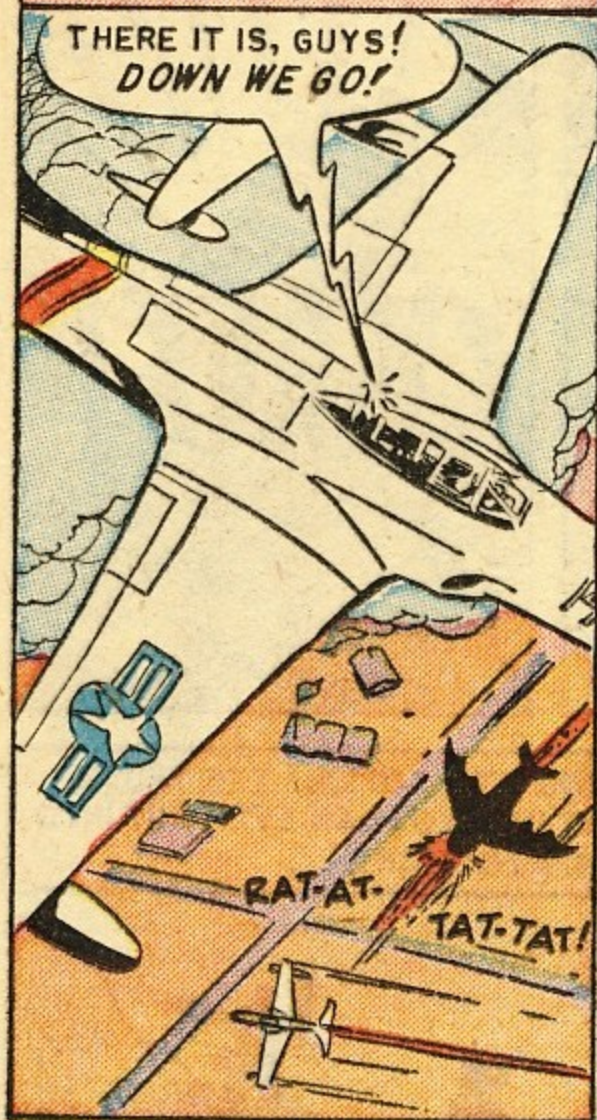
LOOK, HIS COMPASS MUST BE SHOT AWAY! HE FLIES EAST INSTEAD OF SOUTH!





STEVE MANAGES TO KEEP AHEAD OF THE BAT PLANE, UNTIL IT HAS BEEN LURED OVER KOTO AIR STRIP. THEN...

THERE IT IS, GUYS!  
DOWN WE GO!



I HAVE THE PIG IN MY SIGHTS...

WHAT? YANKEE SQUADRON! WE ARE IN A TRAP!

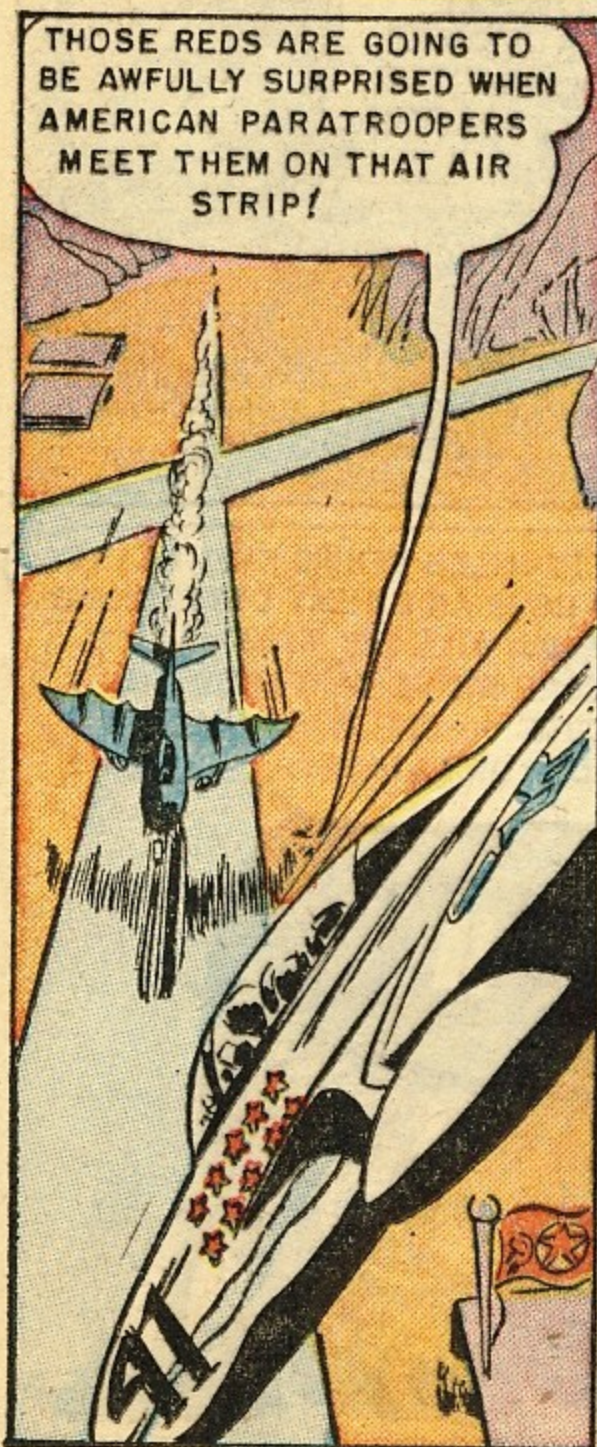


LIKE A BAND OF COWBOYS RIDING HERD ON A STEER, SQUADRON "A" FORCES THE PILOT TO MAKE THE ONLY CHOICE AVAILABLE TO HIM...

WE WILL LAND! THE YANKEE PIGS WILL SOON TIRE OF THIS GAME AND GO AWAY!



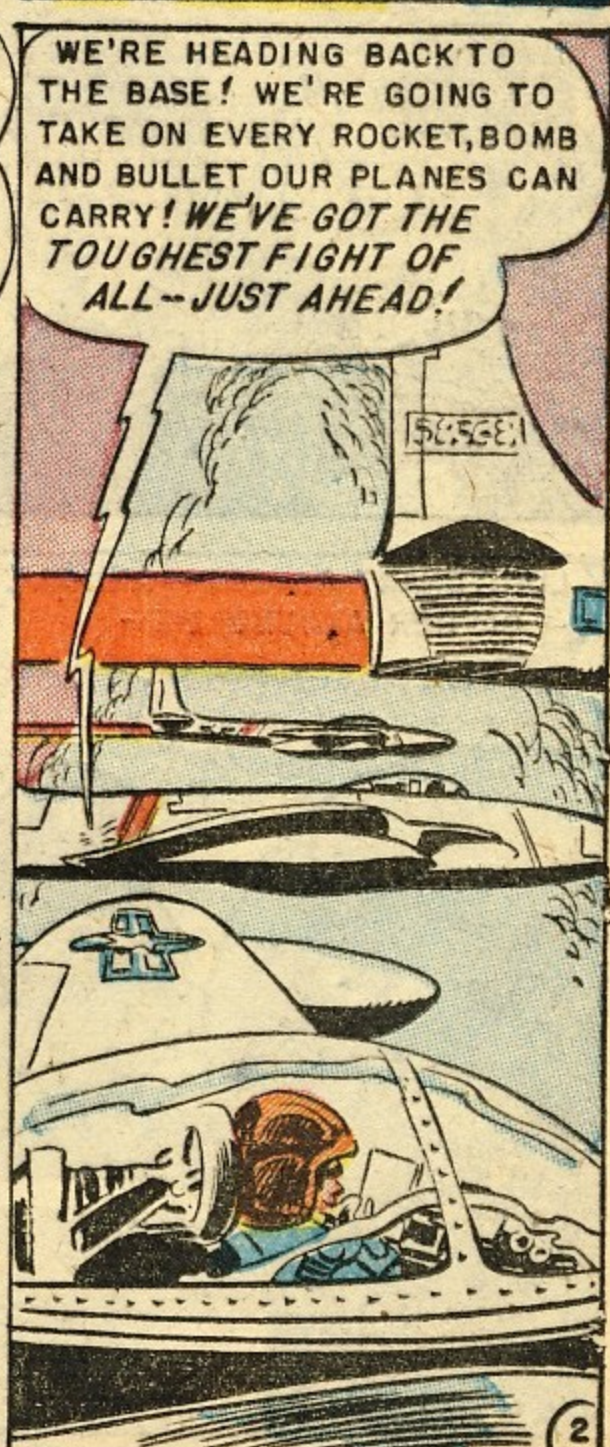
THOSE REDS ARE GOING TO BE AWFULLY SURPRISED WHEN AMERICAN PARATROOPERS MEET THEM ON THAT AIR STRIP!



WE DID IT, STEVE! THE BAT'S IN OUR HANDS! YEP! NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS TAKE IT THROUGH FIFTY MILES OF ENEMY TERRITORY BACK TO OUR OWN LINES!



WE'RE HEADING BACK TO THE BASE! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE ON EVERY ROCKET, BOMB AND BULLET OUR PLANES CAN CARRY! WE'VE GOT THE TOUGHEST FIGHT OF ALL—JUST AHEAD!

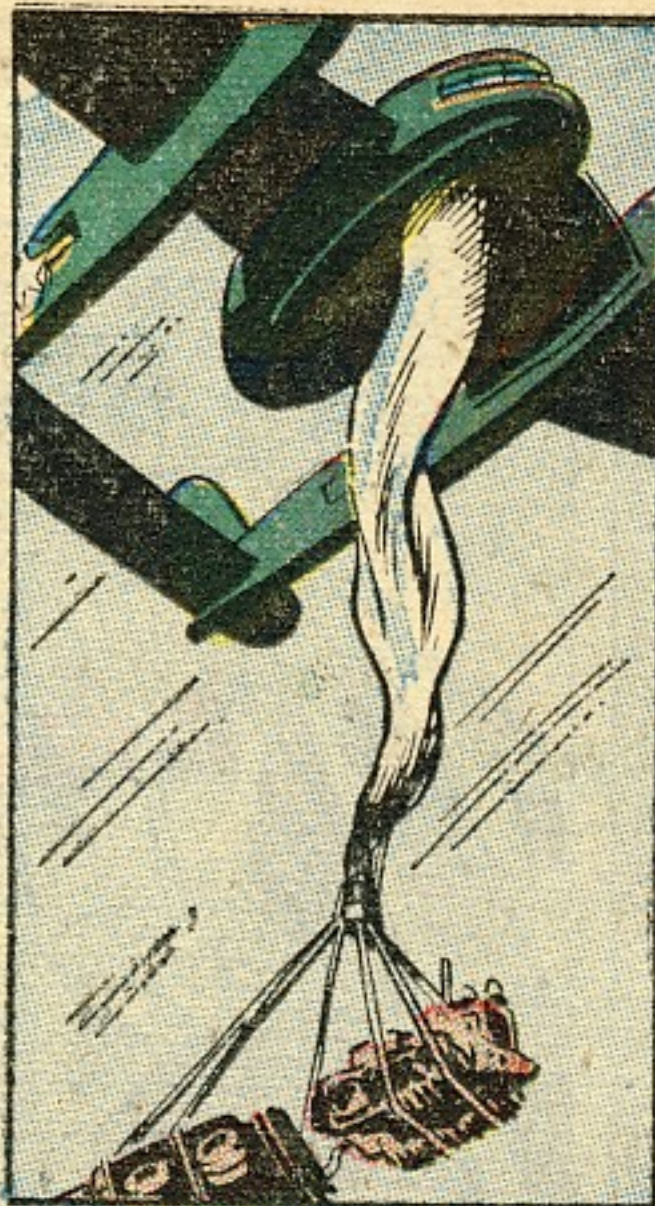




ON THE WAY BACK TO THE BASE, STEVE'S SQUADRON PASSES ONE OF THE ARMY'S HUGE FLYING BOX-CARS. IT ARRIVES OVER KOTO AIR STRIP AND CIRCLES...

LET 'ER GO!

RIGHT, SIR!



THE CHUTE OPENS WITH A...

CRACK!

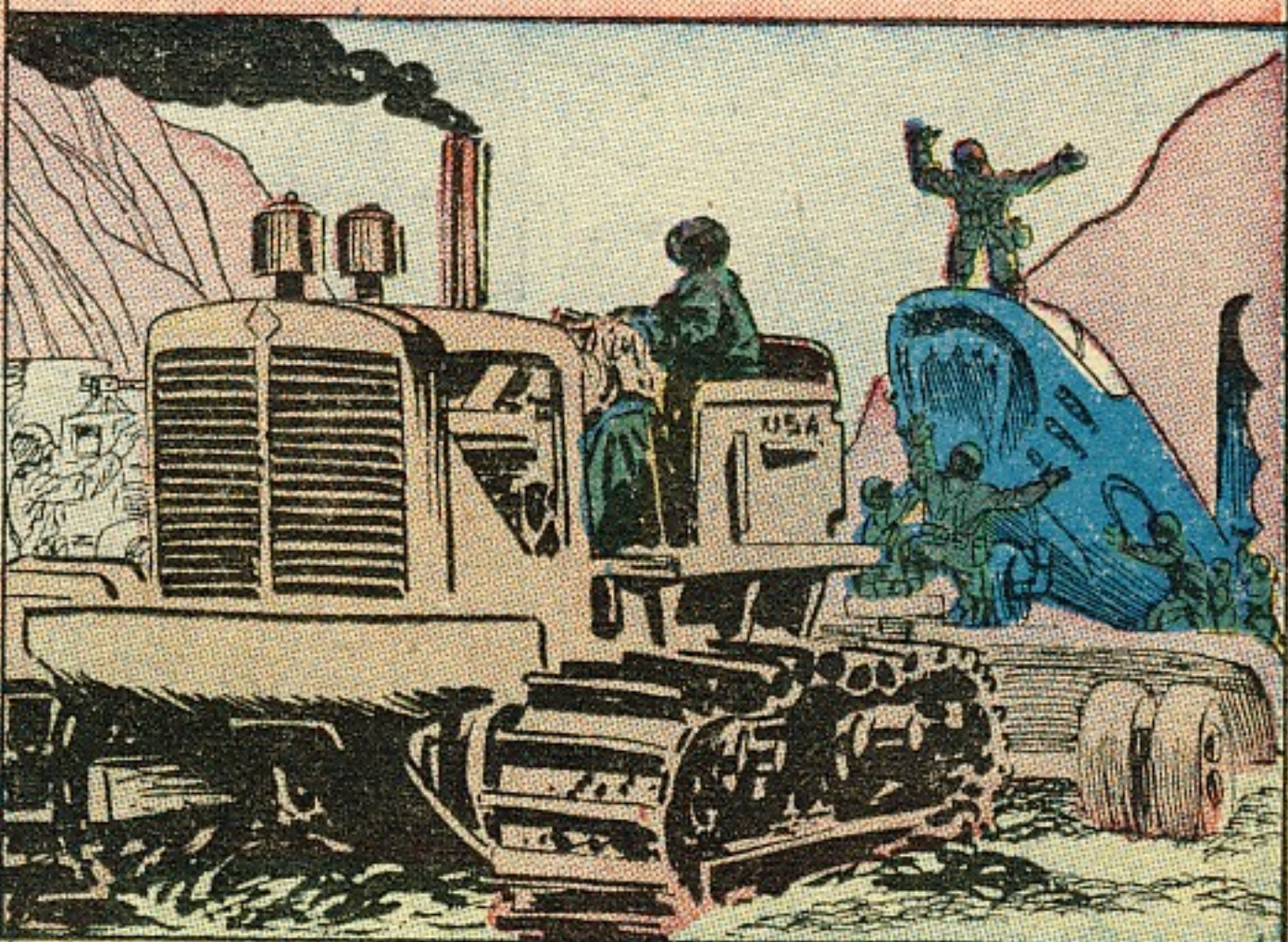


GET THAT PLANE LOADED. WE WANT TO BE ON OUR WAY BY 1200

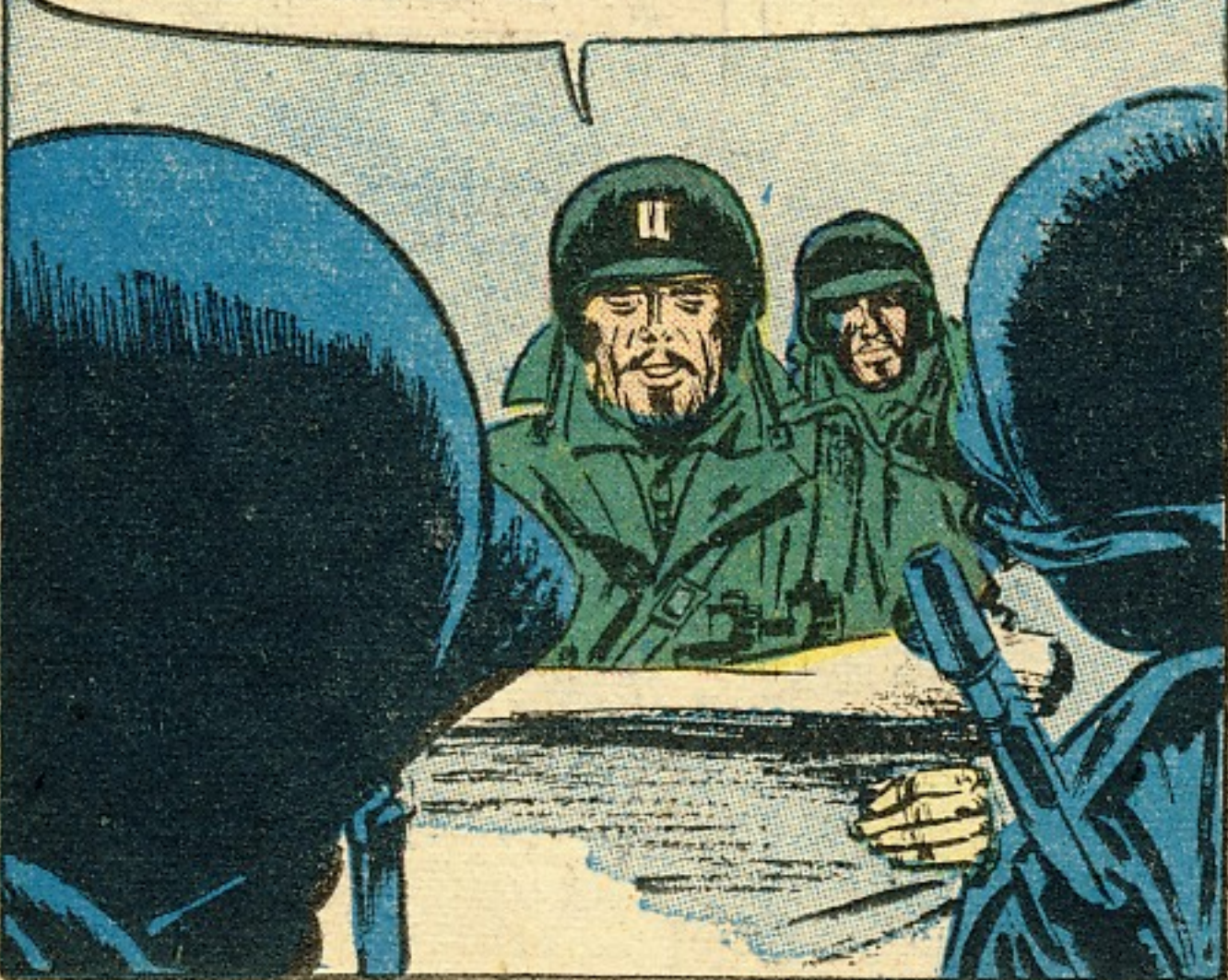
RIGHT, SIR! ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS, GET MOVING!



THE PARATROOPERS SWING INTO ACTION! THE TRUCK IS LOADED AND THE MOST DARING PLAN EVER PUT INTO ACTION IN KOREA IS READY TO START...



LIEUTENANT ROGERS--AND ALL THE SERGEANTS! GATHER AROUND ME--



WE'RE FIFTY MILES BEHIND ENEMY LINES. ALL AROUND US IS AN ENEMY DETERMINED THAT EVERY MAN WILL PAY WITH HIS LIFE FOR THE PLANE WE'VE CAPTURED! OUR ESCAPE ROUTE --- ONE ROAD LEADING SOUTH TO OUR OWN LINES!





WE'VE GOT ONE HUNDRED MEN AGAINST A COUPLE OF THOUSAND REDS! WE'RE GOING TO HIT THE ROAD-- *FAST!* SHOOT-- *FAST!* AND PRAY THAT THE HELP SQUADRON "A" CAN GIVE US WILL PULL US THROUGH! GOT IT?

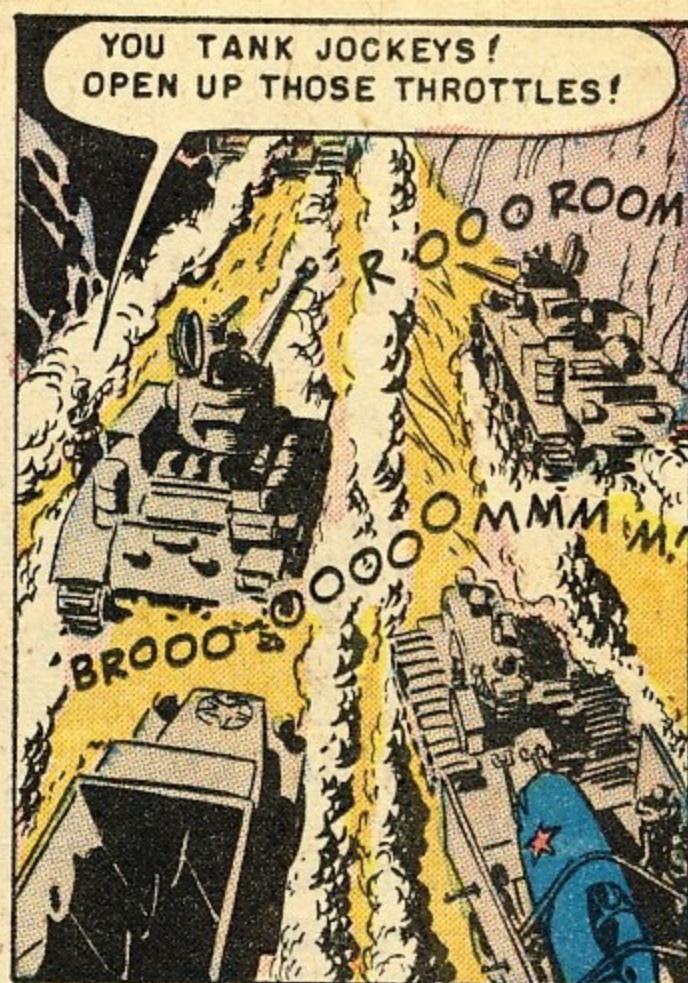


YES, SIR!

OKAY, LET'S PUT THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD-- AND KEEP IT ROLLING!



YOU TANK JOCKEYS! OPEN UP THOSE THROTTLES!



WHILE JUST SOUTH OF THE AIRSTRIP, PLANNING ITS RECAPTURE...

TONIGHT, THE AMERICAN PIGS WILL DIE! AS DARKNESS FALLS-- WE ATTACK AND ---

SIR! THE OUTPOST REPORTS SOUND OF TANKS COMING FROM AIR STRIP!



BAH! THE YANKEE PIGS ARE BOTTLED UP LIKE FLIES! THEY WOULD NEVER DARE A BREAK-THROUGH!



AEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

RAT-AT-TAT-AT-TAT!

BROOOM

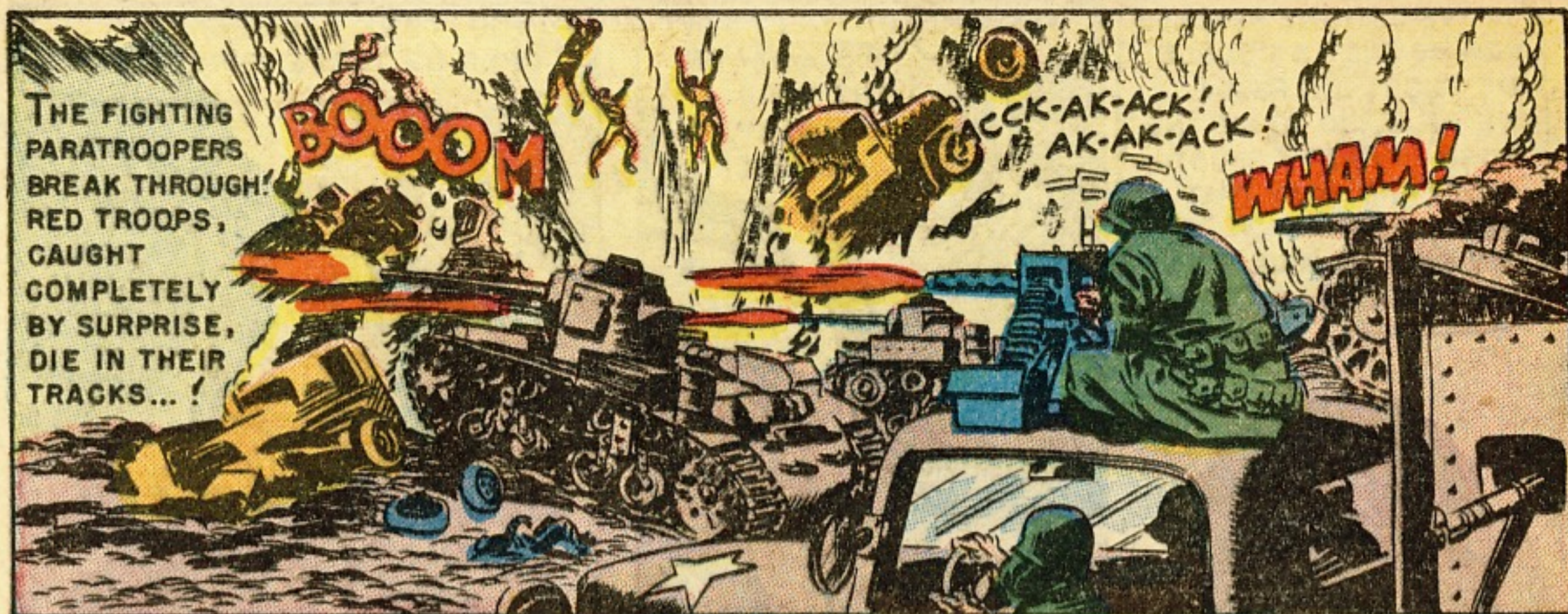
BROOOM!

RARR!

RROOOM!





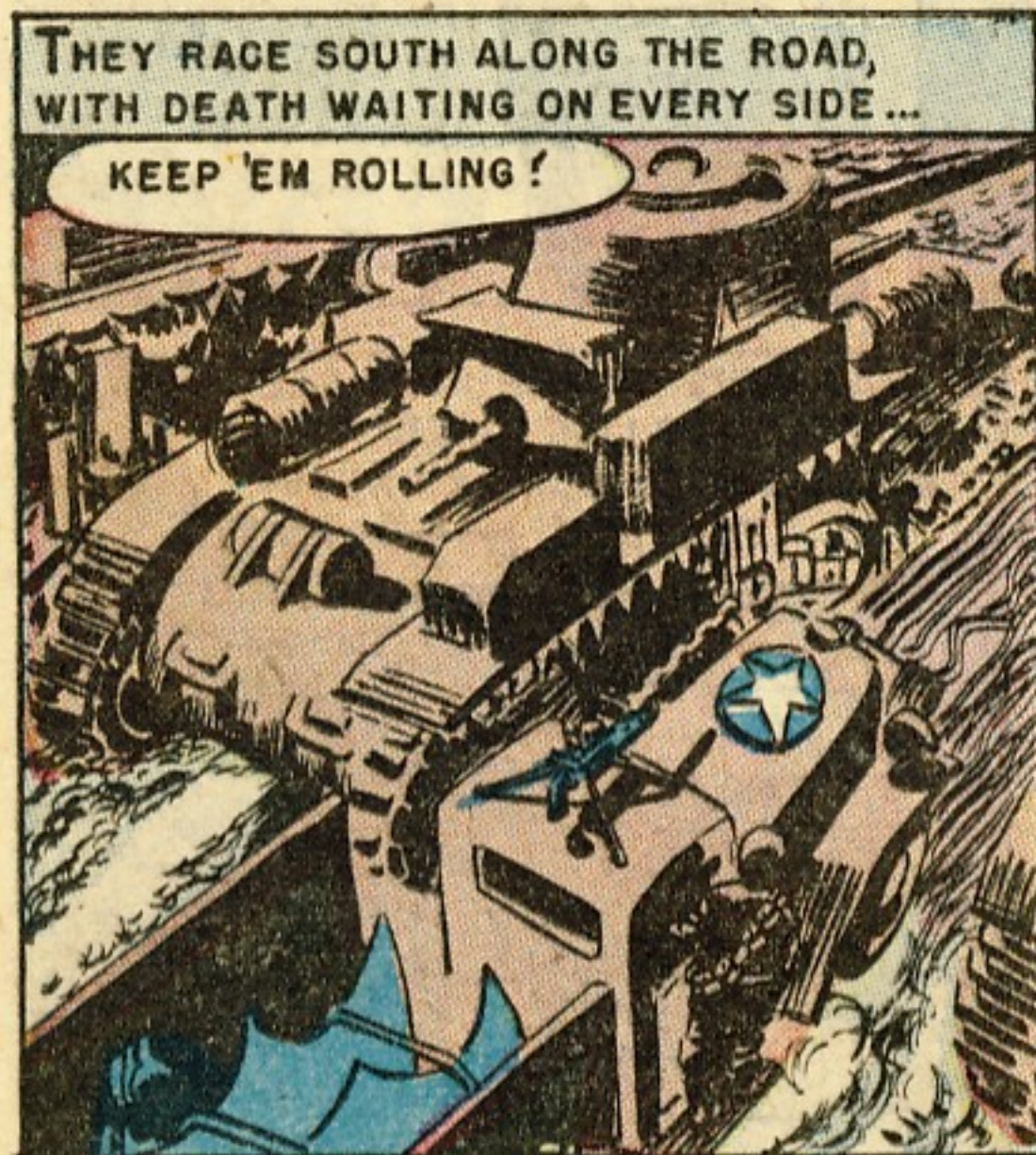


THE FIGHTING  
PARATROOPERS  
BREAK THROUGH!  
RED TROOPS,  
CAUGHT  
COMPLETELY  
BY SURPRISE,  
DIE IN THEIR  
TRACKS...!

**BOOOOM**

**ACK-ACK-ACK!**  
**ACK-ACK-ACK!**

**WHAM!**



THEY RACE SOUTH ALONG THE ROAD,  
WITH DEATH WAITING ON EVERY SIDE...

KEEP 'EM ROLLING!



ENEMY ROAD BLOCKS CRUMBLE BEFORE THEIR  
FEROCIOUS ASSAULT! TO STOP, EVEN FOR A  
MOMENT, COULD MEAN DEFEAT--

KEEP 'EM GOING! SMASH  
'EM! KEEP IT ROLLING!



BUT THE REDS, DETERMINED TO STOP THE PARA-  
TROOPERS AND REGAIN THE BAT PLANE, THROW UP  
A STRONG BARRICADE A FEW MILES NORTH OF  
THE ALLIED LINES ---

HEY, CAPTAIN, THEY'VE  
GOT US STOPPED COLD!

GET ON THAT RADIO!  
CONTACT SAVAGE, AND  
SQUADRON "A"! ASK HIM  
TO HELP US OUT!



WE'D BETTER HAVE HELP, BUT  
FAST! THEY'RE THROWING  
EVERYTHING AT US!

TELL THE MEN  
TO HOLD ON,  
SERGEANT!





THE REDS, SMELLING VICTORY, BUNCH FOR A FINAL ASSAULT!

WHAT'S OUR CHANCES OF HOLDING OFF THIS ATTACK, SIR?

VERY SLIM, SERGEANT. I--? LISTEN!



IT'S SQUADRON "A"!

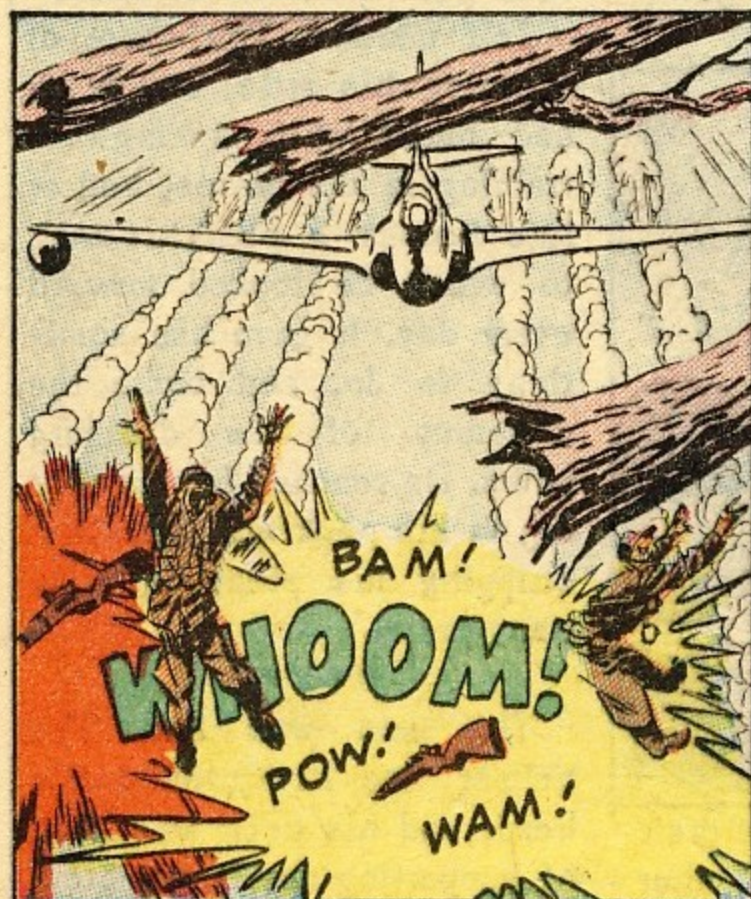
WHOOPEEE! GIVE IT TO 'EM, SQUADRON "A"!

SWISHH-HHH!

ZOOM!

WHOOOS

SH!



BAM!

WHOOOM!

POW!

WAM!



RAT-AT-TAT!

AK-ACK-AK!

YIP-YIP-YIPEEE! LOOK AT THEM RED RATS RUN!

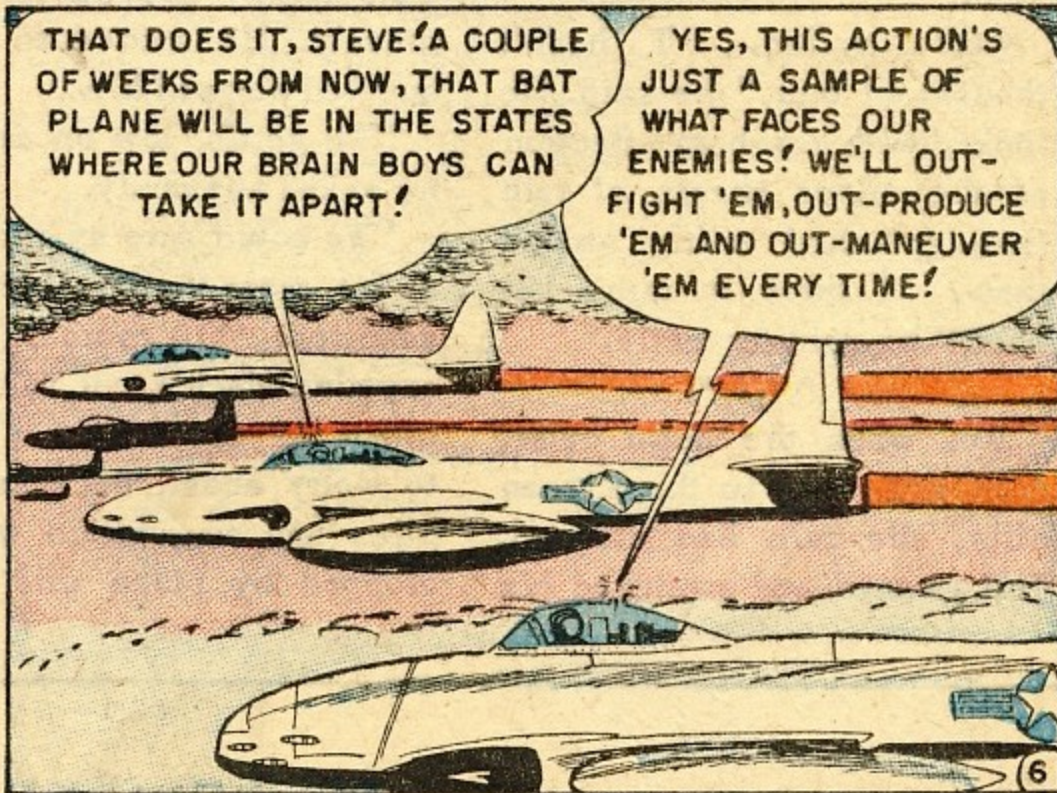


ALL RIGHT, YOU BIRDS, WE'VE STILL GOT A FEW MILES TO GO! LET'S ROLL!

NO FURTHER OPPOSITION DEVELOPS TO SLOW DOWN THE PARATROOPERS, AND SOMETIME LATER THEY CROSS INTO FRIENDLY TERRITORY, FROM THE AIR.....

THAT DOES IT, STEVE! A COUPLE OF WEEKS FROM NOW, THAT BAT PLANE WILL BE IN THE STATES WHERE OUR BRAIN BOYS CAN TAKE IT APART!

YES, THIS ACTION'S JUST A SAMPLE OF WHAT FACES OUR ENEMIES! WE'LL OUT-FIGHT 'EM, OUT-PRODUCE 'EM AND OUT-MANEUVER 'EM EVERY TIME!





# DEATH AT BUNKER HILL

At 2100 the rain started. It dropped out of the black night sky to turn the crest of the hill into a sodden, mucky nightmare. Jeff Tracy huddled under the damp protection of his G.I. poncho and held his rifle close to his body to keep it dry. He stared gloomily at his foxhole buddy.

"That's all we needed, Red," he growled. "It wasn't enough that we've had to worry about Red attacks for the past five days—now we have the weather to fight, too!"

Red Watkins worked a huge chew of tobacco around in his mouth and spat an amber stream of juice into the pool of water at their feet. "Well, now, I don't know if it's such a bad break, after all," he said slowly. "Sure, we'll get a bit damp if this keeps up—but those Reds won't be so eager to run up the side of Bunker hill if they slip and slide every time they take a step!"

Jeff smiled. "I hadn't thought of that," he said. He looked with new-born affection at the silver sheets of rain that splashed softly around them. "I hope it rains forever," he said fervently.

\*\*\*\*\*

But when the dawn came, cold and grey, to the Korean hills, the rain had stopped. Jeff yawned and stretched his

cramped, aching body. He reached into his pack and pulled out his last pair of dry socks, then he chuckled to himself as he started to put the fresh hose on his feet.

"What's so danged funny?" Red asked grouchy, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"I was just thinking of my mother," Jeff said. "When I was drafted she made me promise that I wouldn't forget to wear my rubbers!"

While they were laughing a young lieutenant walked swiftly up to their foxhole. "How much ammo you boys got?" he asked.



A hurried inspection of their cartridge belts revealed that they were almost depleted. "Make it last as long as you can, men," the officer said gravely. He started to leave but Red stopped him.

"We gettin' low on ammo?" he asked anxiously.

"We could sure as heck use a lot more," the lieutenant admitted. "Of course, if the commies decide not to attack today we don't have a thing to worry about, because supplies and ammunition will be dropped by plane this after-

noon."

"They've never missed a morning attack yet," Jeff said.

"I know," the officer nodded. "That's why nobody can afford to waste a single shot." He hurried on toward the next foxhole.

The two buddies looked at each other in dismay. "Well, that's encouraging," Jeff said finally.

"No use worrying about it now," said the ever-optimistic Red. "That rain couldn't have helped our rifles any. You clean and oil yours first, and then I'll take care of mine."

Jeff nodded. The chore of cleaning his rifle, a job he had hated while taking his training in the States, had of late become a pleasant task to which he looked forward every day. It gave him something to do, and broke the monotony of the dragging hours. He reached for the oily rag in his pack and set about stripping his piece into its many parts.

\*\*\*\*\*

The sun was hot. The helmet was heavy on Jeff's head, and his neck was tired of supporting the heavy steel bowl. "Man," he mused, "what I wouldn't give for a cool, tall malted milk right now!"

"What are you tryin' to do," Red growled, "drive me crazy?" He reached into his pack and pulled out a can of army rations. "You talk about malted milks, an' all we have between us and hunger pains are eight cans of army beans!" He opened the can and began to spoon the cold beans into his mouth with his bayonet.



"Better eat now," he advised, "before things start poppin' around here!"

"I'm not very hungry," Jeff said. He stared across the foxholes of the rest of the company, down to the base of the hill, where the Reds were dug in. A heavy layer of white fog swirled over the enemy, hiding them from sight. The hot sun was just beginning to cut through the mist, and Jeff knew that he would soon be able to see the tiny figures of the Communists scurrying about like ants in the distance.

Red was in the middle of his can of beans when they heard the ugly, flat whine of the first artillery shell. He tossed his can of rations away and they flopped into the mud at the bottom of the foxhole and buried their faces in the dirt. The whining sound grew louder and louder; it sounded like the shriek of the wind during a tempest which had hit Jeff's home town when he had been seven years old.

"Here she comes," Red growled. "One...two...three..."  
BOOOOOMM!

The ground shook as the great shell exploded too far away to harm the American soldiers. Little rivulets of loose dirt streamed over the sides of the foxholes and landed softly on the infantrymen within them. The troops holding Bunker Hill were seasoned fighting men, and they knew what to expect from enemy artillery, so they remained lying face-down in their shallow fortifications.

The Red guns began throwing shells up at the U.N. force

in great numbers. The enemy aim was bad, and they were overestimating the range. Jeff could hear the giant shells *whoosh* as they passed overhead with great, express-train roars.

And then the shelling stopped, and for a long moment perfect silence reigned on Bunker Hill. And everyone knew that the enemy attack was *really* under way.

\*\*\*\*\*



The little gray, ant-like figures had become as large as rabbits when the Reds had advanced half-way up the hill, and now they were so close that Jeff could recognize that they were men; he could even see the expressions on some of their faces. His finger itched to pull the trigger of his M-1 as he sighted along the barrel, but the C.O. had remembered a famous chapter from his history book, and the order had been passed along the line: *Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!*

Soon enemy bullets zoomed around the heads of the U.N. soldiers like buzzing insects of death, and the strain of not being able to fire back was

so great that beads of sweat stood out on Jeff's pale face. Then, finally, the C.O.'s rifle cracked and a Chinese soldier flopped backwards and lay still. Every American rifle had pinpointed its target, and each slug that leaped from a flaming muzzle buried itself deep in Communist flesh.

The grey line of enemy soldiers faltered under the terrifyingly accurate fire of the U.N. troops. As they turned to run for the safety of the foot of the hill a great shout went up from the Americans, and bayonets fixed, the G.I.'s rushed from their foxholes.

A short, wiry Chinese soldier turned savagely as Jeff, running hard, caught up to him. Surprise and terror were written on the Red soldier's face as he lifted his rifle. But before he could fire, Jeff's bayonet had flicked at the end of his M-1, and the razor-sharp blade drank the red blood in the enemy's throat.

Jeff pulled his blade free, and ran on. All around him Chinese soldiers were being overtaken and slaughtered.

\*\*\*\*\*

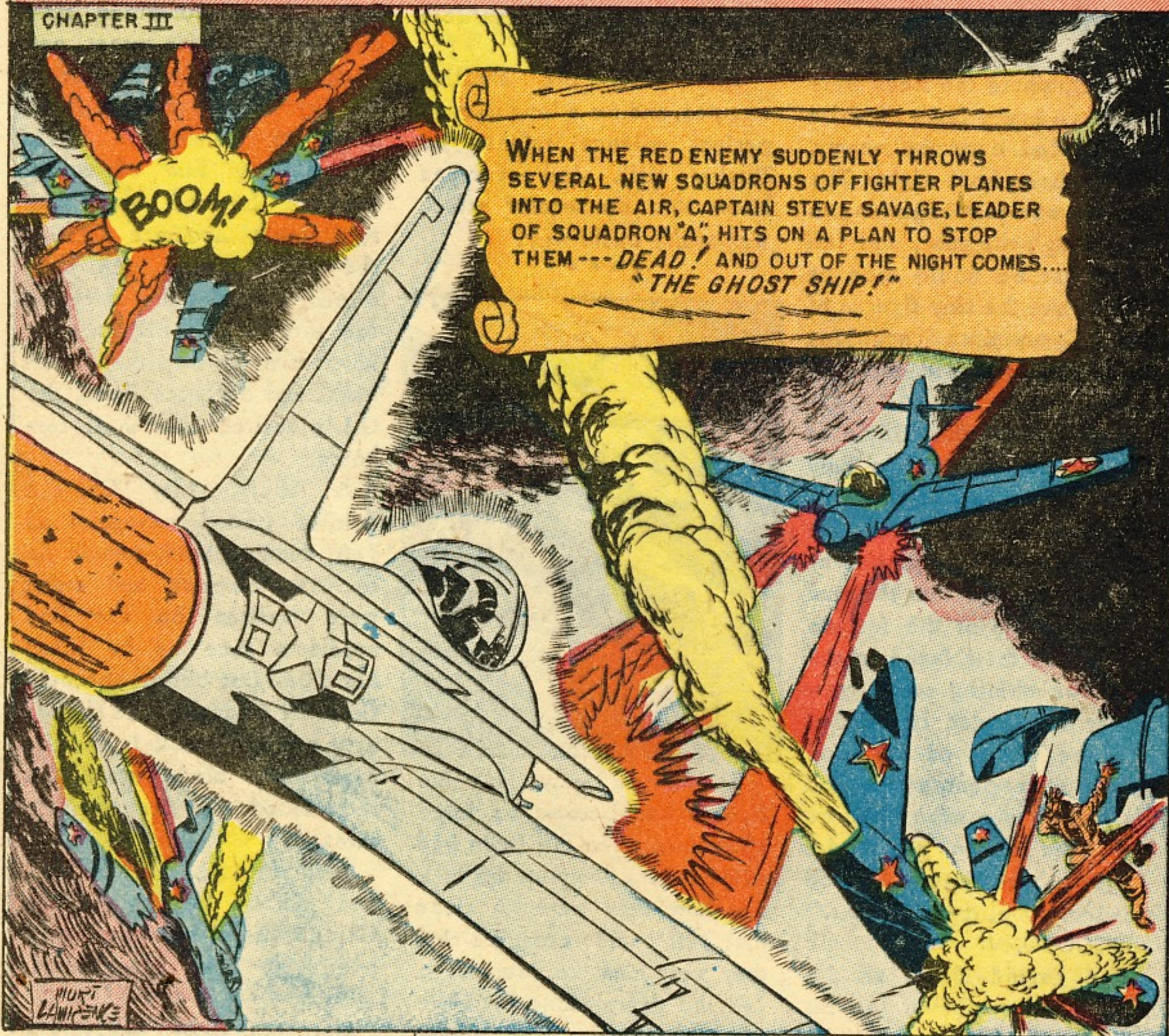
Hot and tired, the G.I.'s straggled back to the hilltop. Another attack had been repulsed, and Bunker Hill remained in U.N. hands. Red knelt by his foxhole and lit a cigarette. High in the air above the supply plane appeared, a silver speck against the blue sky.

Red looked at Jeff and grinned. "I hope they drop us something besides beans," he said.



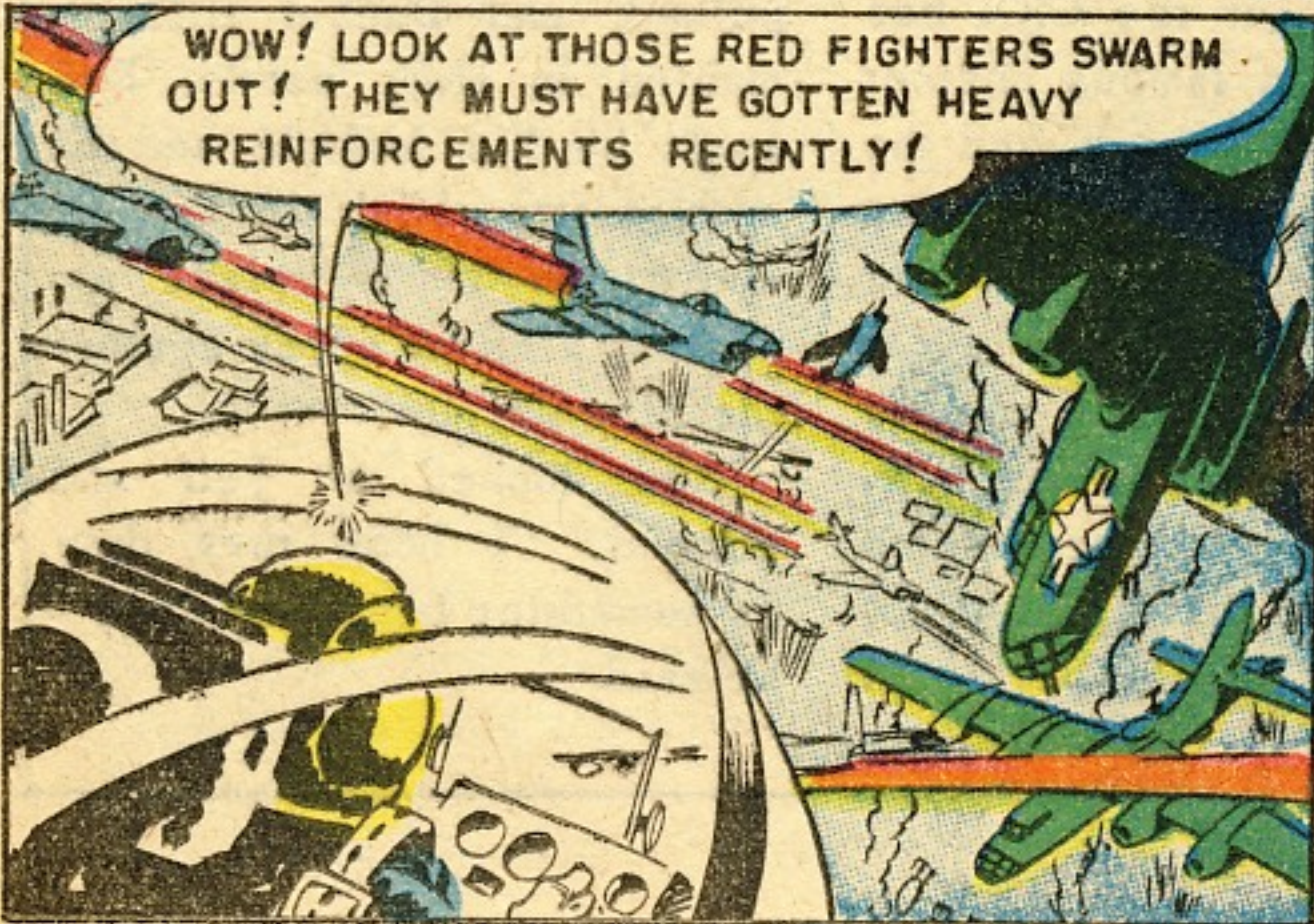
# The GHOST SHIP!

CHAPTER III



THE KOREAN FRONT SEES A SUDDEN SPURT OF ENEMY AIR ACTION! U.S. BOMBERS STRIKING AT ENEMY INDUSTRIAL TARGETS FEEL THE INCREASE IN OPPOSITION FIRST.

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE RED FIGHTERS SWARM OUT! THEY MUST HAVE GOTTEN HEAVY REINFORCEMENTS RECENTLY!

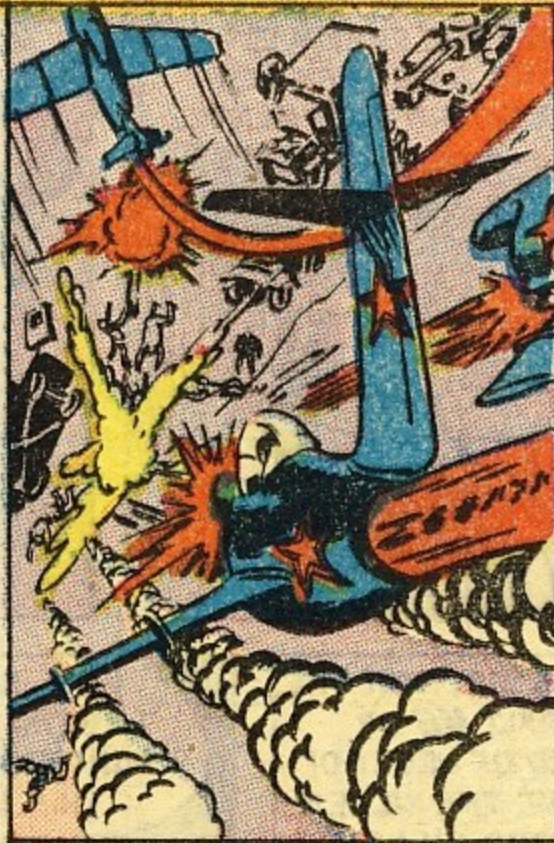


WELL, THAT'S ONE OF THE NEW FIGHTERS THAT WILL NEVER FIGHT AGAIN!





IN SPITE OF ALLIED KILLS, THE ENEMY BECOMES BOLDER! THEIR BOMBERS VENTURE OVER ALLIED TERRITORY, THEIR FIGHTERS STRAFE ALLIED TROOPS... ATTACK ALLIED FIGHTER SQUADRONS...



ALLIED FIGHTER SQUADRONS ARE FORCED TO GO ON A ROUND-THE-CLOCK ALERT! OUTFITS LIKE SQUADRON "A", ARE CONSTANTLY IN THE AIR...

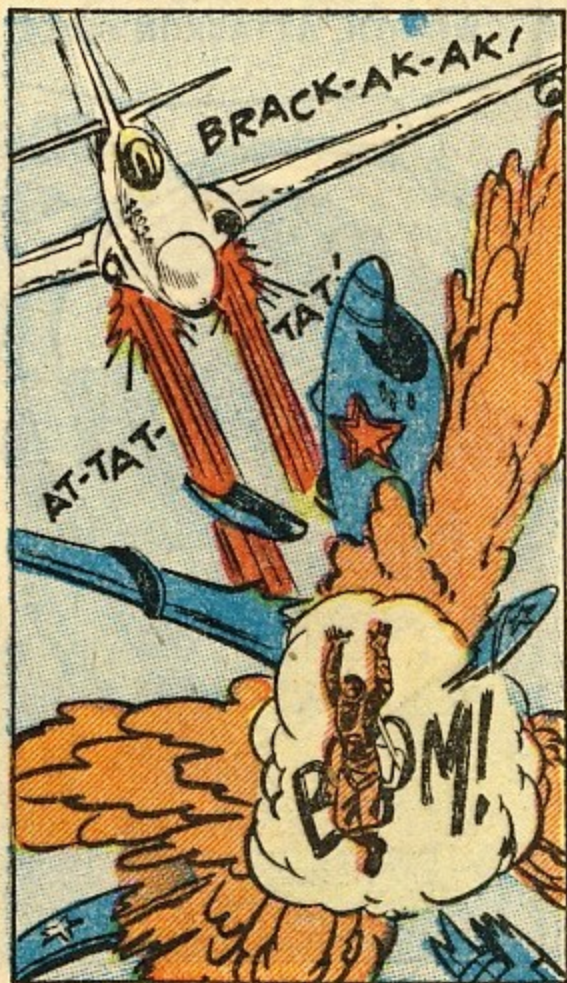
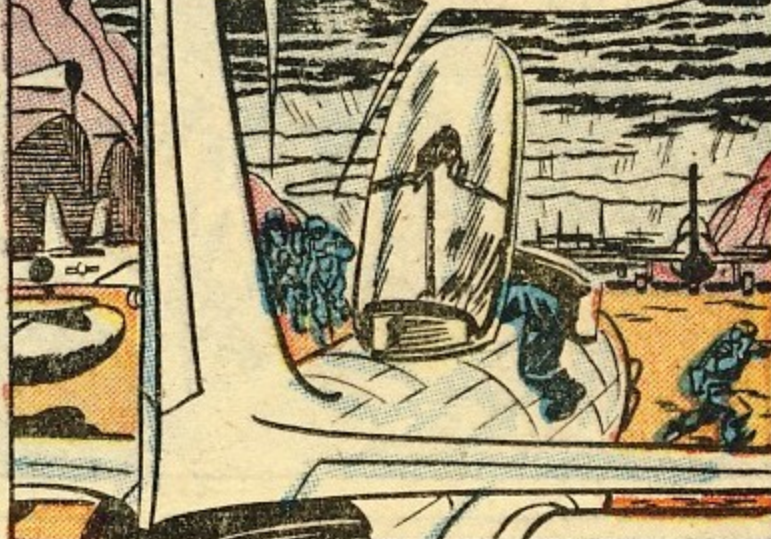
KNOCK IT OFF, YOU EAGLES! RED BOMBERS ARE HEADED OUR WAY!



GET THE LEAD OUT, YOU BIRDS!

STEVE, WHAT'S GOING ON? I HAVEN'T HAD A NIGHT'S SLEEP FOR WEEKS!

IT LOOKS LIKE THE REDS ARE CHALLENGING OUR AIR SUPREMACY...



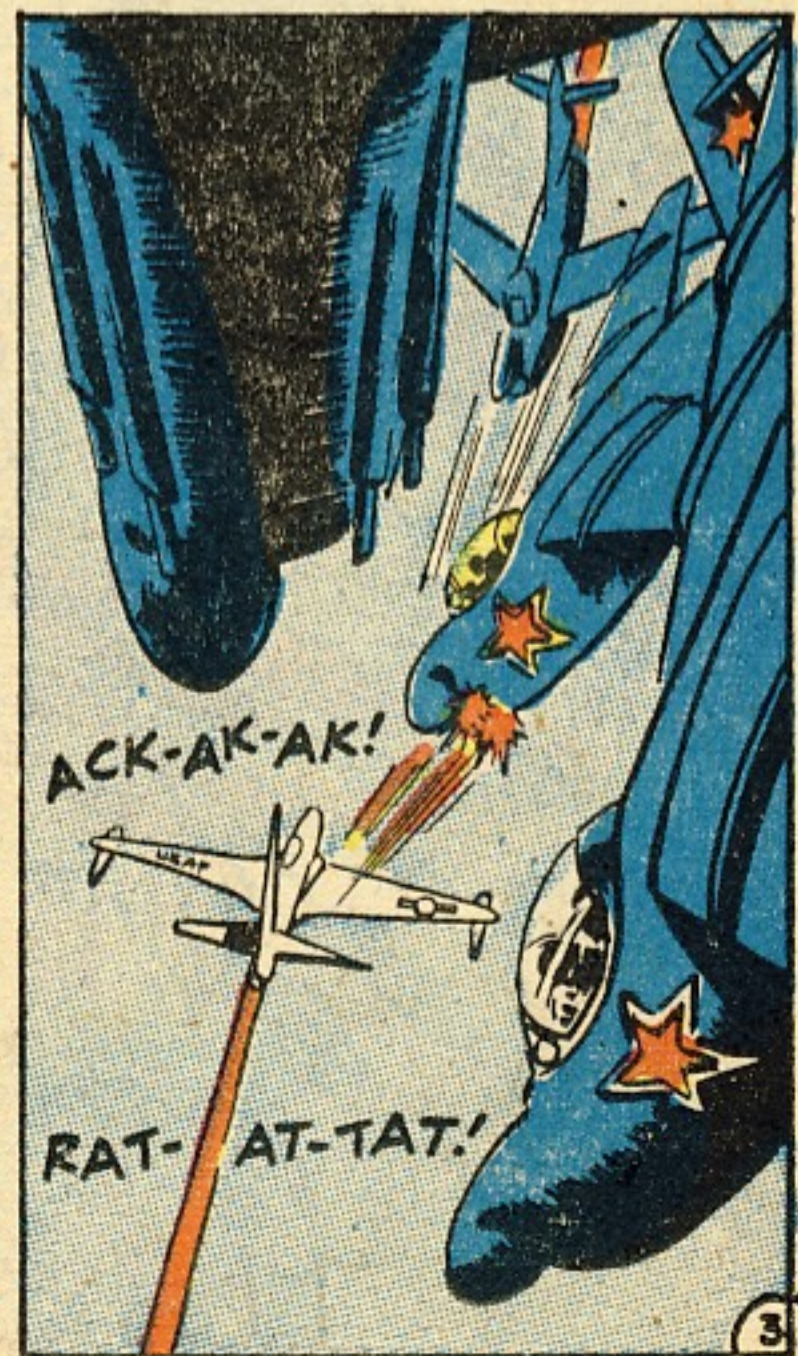
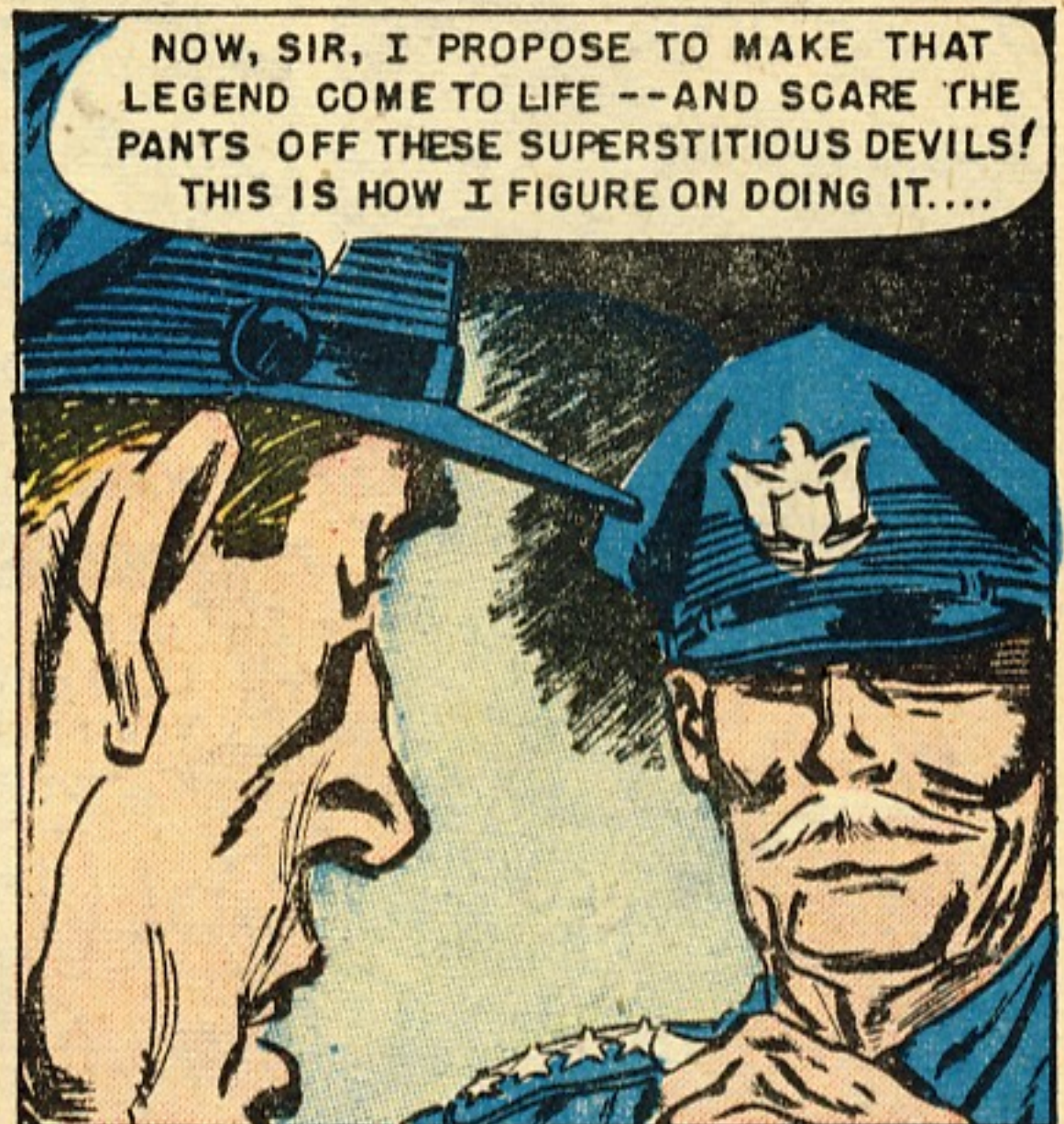
THAT MAKES ELEVEN KILLS FOR YOU, CAPTAIN!

YEAH, IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT YOU'RE GOING TO FIND YOURSELF ALL-TIME HIGH AGE!

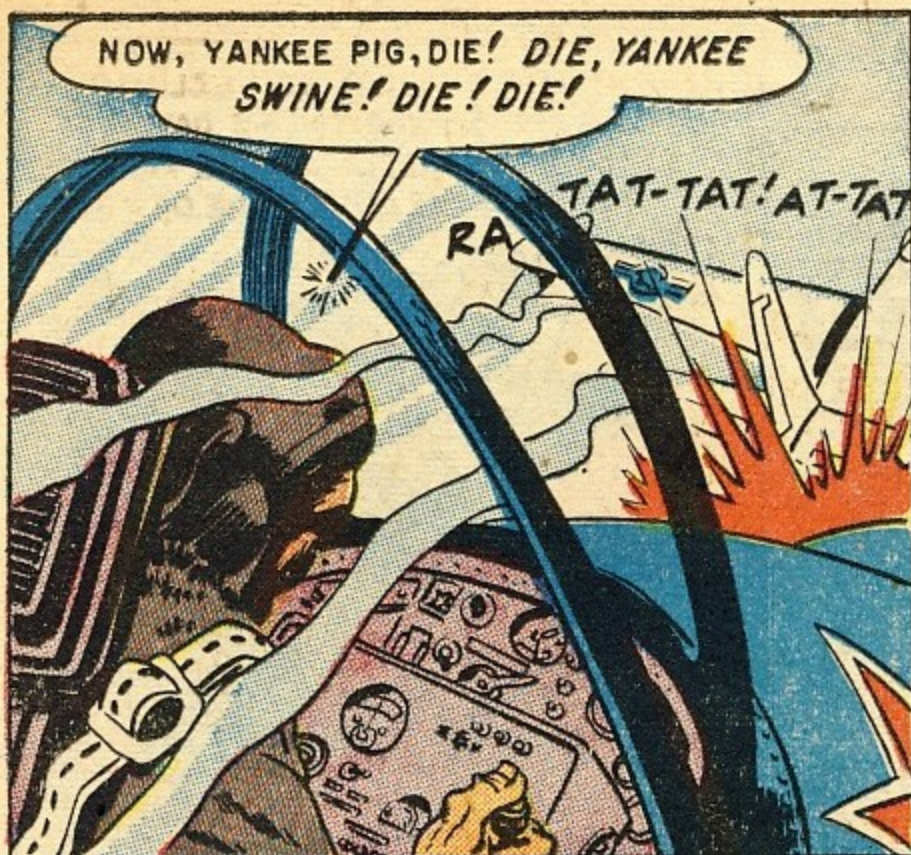




THE CHIEF OF STAFF CALLS A MEETING OF ALL SQUADRON LEADERS. AFTER THE MEETING HAS ENDED, CAPTAIN SAVAGE SPEAKS WITH GENERAL CLAIR...

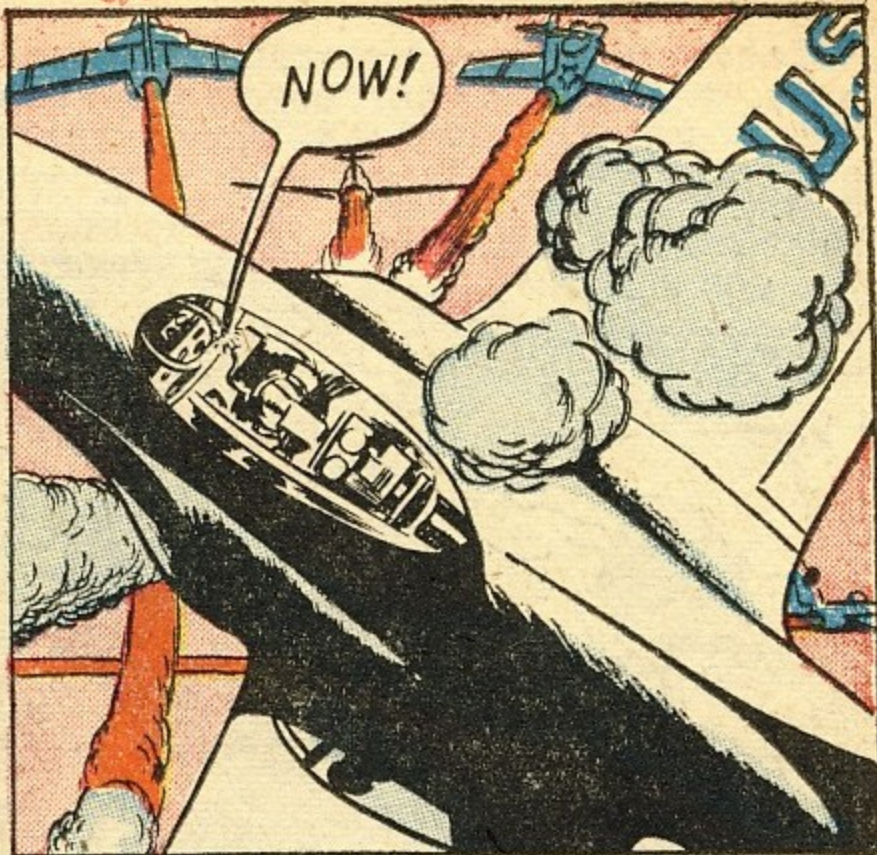






NOW, YANKEE PIG, DIE! DIE, YANKEE SWINE! DIE! DIE!

RA TAT-TAT! AT-TAT



NOW!

STEVE'S PLANE LURCHES DRUNKENLY, NOSES TOWARD THE GROUND... SMOKE STREAMING FROM ITS COCKPIT, AND...



A'EEEEEE! THE WRAITH IS HIT!

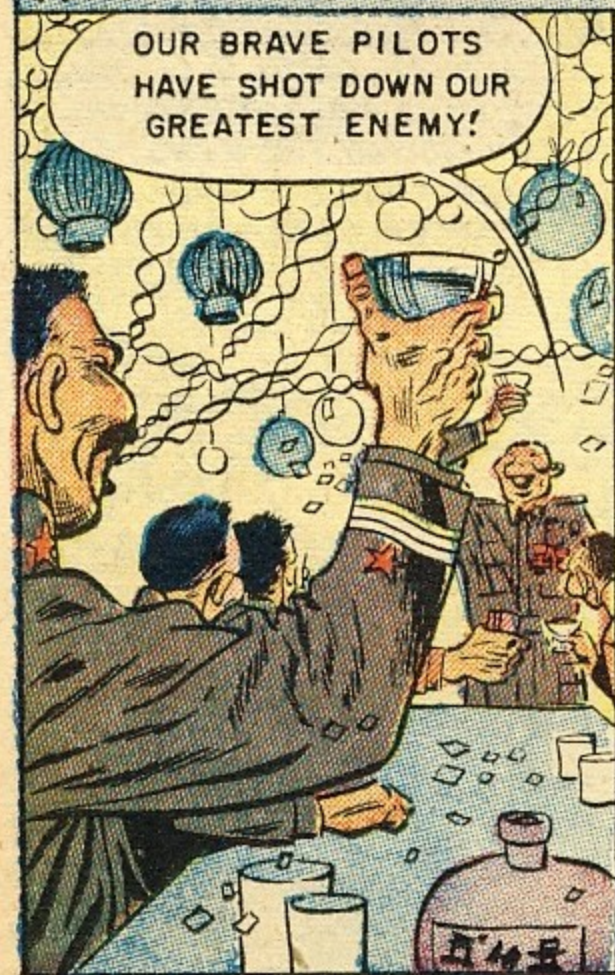
STEVE MANAGES TO STRAIGHTEN OUT HIS CRIPPLED PLANE AND LAND IN A FIELD!..THEN--



DEATH TO THE WRAITH! WE HAVE KILLED THE RELENTLESS ONE AT LAST!

BOOM!

ALL THROUGH RED TERRITORY, THEY CELEBRATE THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE...



OUR BRAVE PILOTS HAVE SHOT DOWN OUR GREATEST ENEMY!



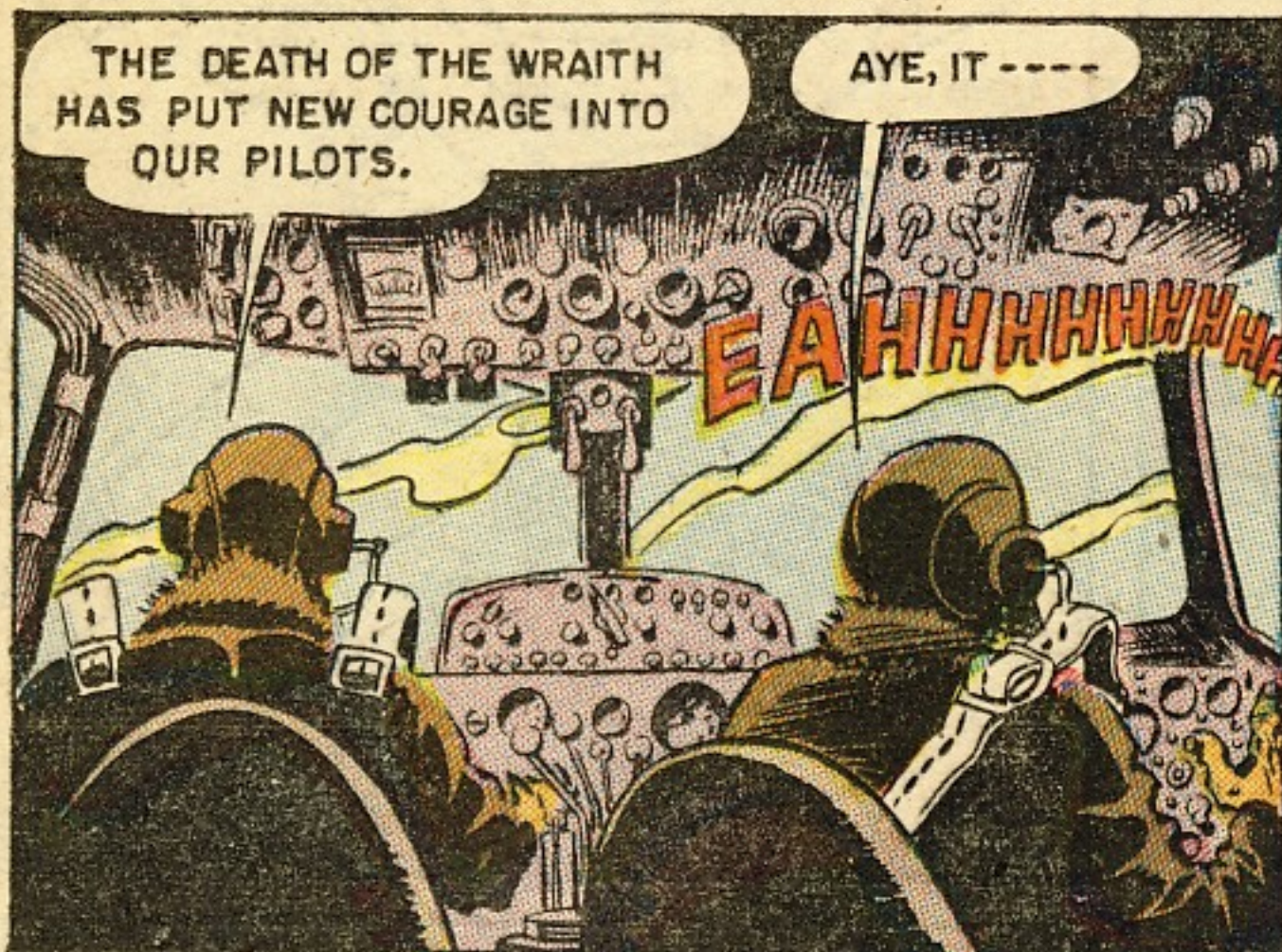
HAIL THE GREATEST HEROES OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC!  
HAIL! HAIL!



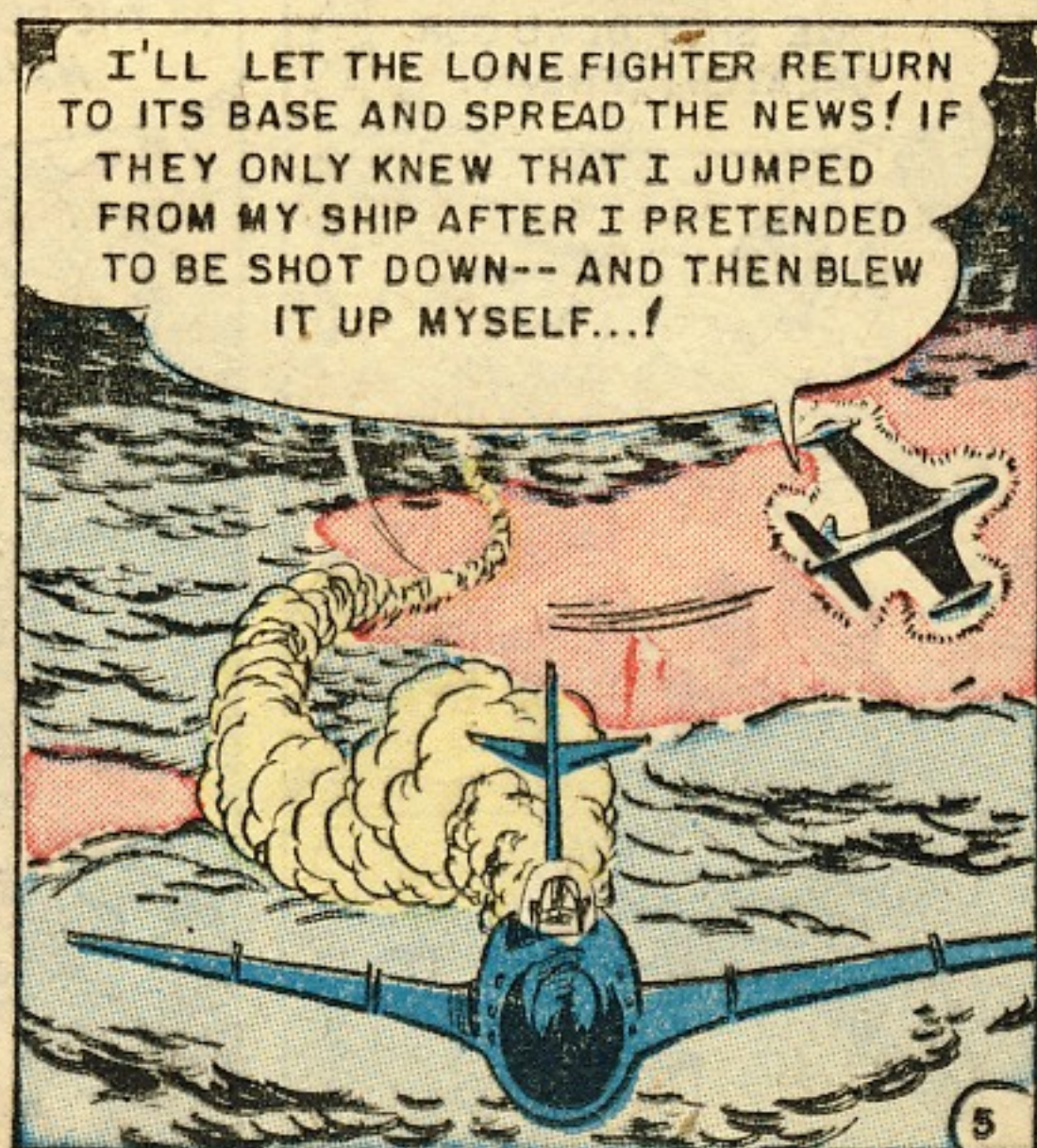
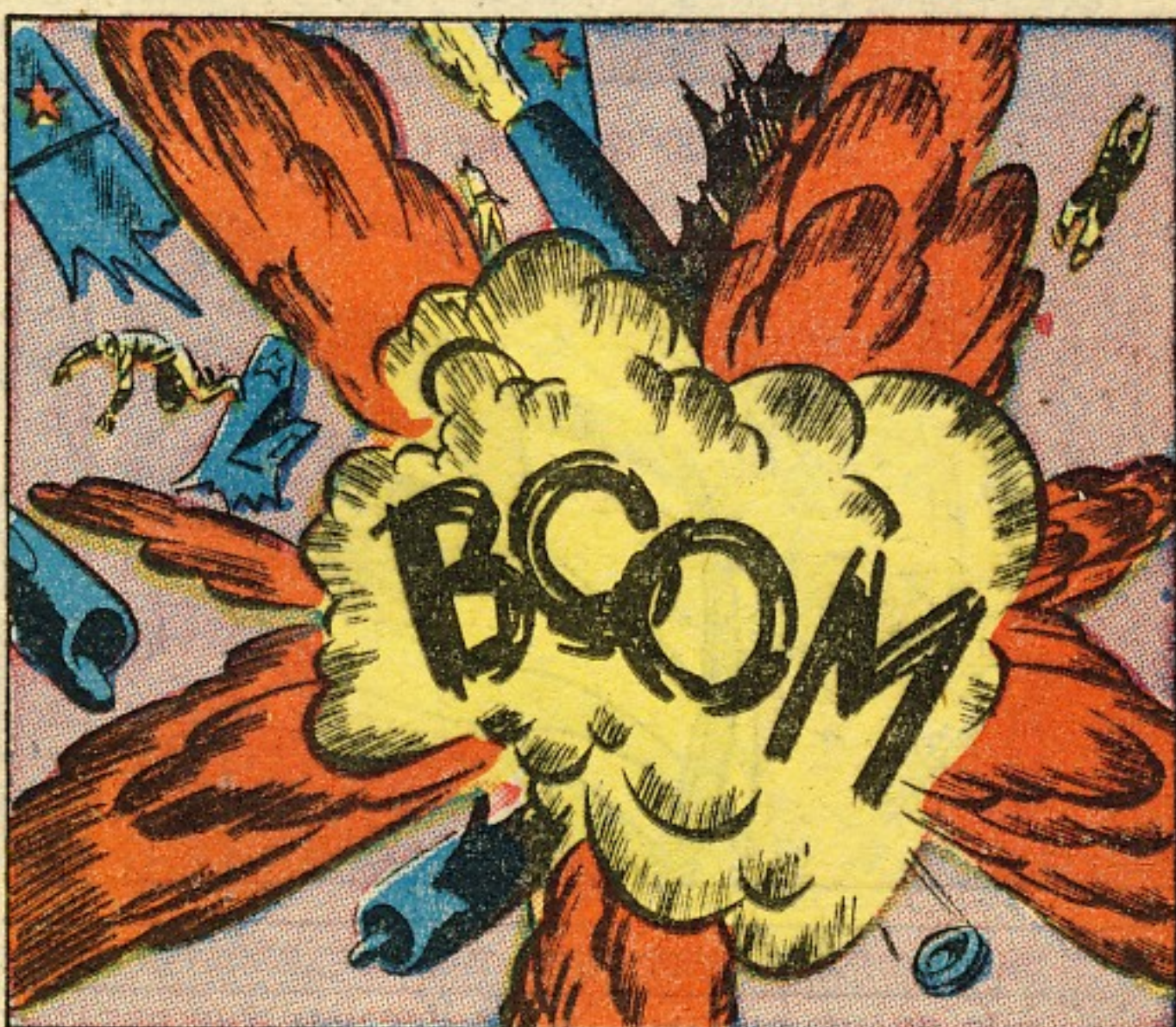
NO MORE SHALL WE BRAVE PILOTS FEAR THE ENEMY - THE KILLER IS DEAD AND MANY, MANY MORE WILL FOLLOW SOON!



WITH CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE DEAD, THE ENEMY BECOMES EMBOLDENED! THE NEXT DAY SEES A BOMBER AND FIGHTER SQUADRON ENROUTE TO ALLIED TARGETS...

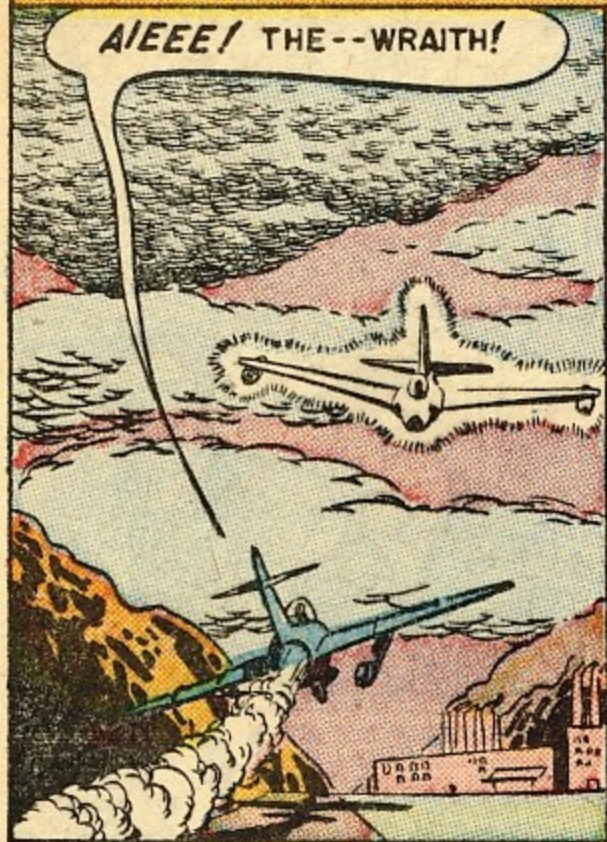


THE PILOT OF THE LEADING ENEMY BOMBER, PANICKED BY THE MASSIVE CRAFT

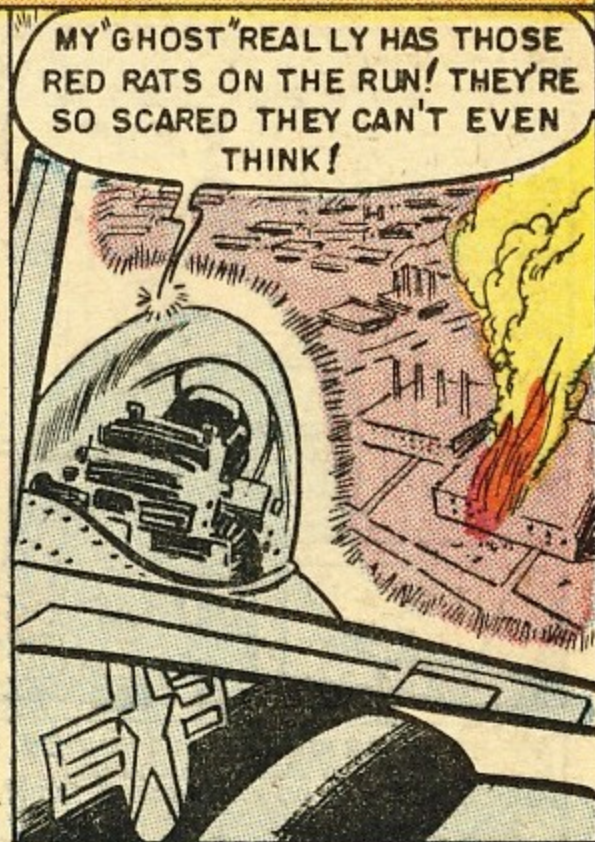




THE RED FRONT IS FLOODED BY A WAVE OF TERROR! STEVE'S GHOST SHIP MAKES NIGHTLY VISITS! AT A RED AIRFIELD ...



AIEEE! THE--WRAITH!



MY "GHOST" REALLY HAS THOSE RED RATS ON THE RUN! THEY'RE SO SCARED THEY CAN'T EVEN THINK!



AIEEE! THE GHOST SHIP!

BACK TO YOUR POSTS, YOU DOGS!



AIEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

RAT-AT-TAT!

REWARD! 1000L FOR CAPTURE OF AIRFORCE DESERTERS!

THESE MEN ARE TRAITORS TO THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC! FAINT-HEARTED COWARDS WHO WOULD DESERT THEIR GREAT COUNTRY BECAUSE OF THEIR FEAR OF A GHOST SHIP...

STEVE CONTINUES HIS NOCTURNAL ATTACKS ON THE REDS! THEN, AT HIS FIGHTER BASE BEHIND HIS OWN LINES...



LOOK AT THAT FLIGHT OF BRAND-NEW FIGHTERS!

THEY'RE THE REINFORCEMENTS WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, STEVE! NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO JUNK YOUR GHOST ROUTINE!

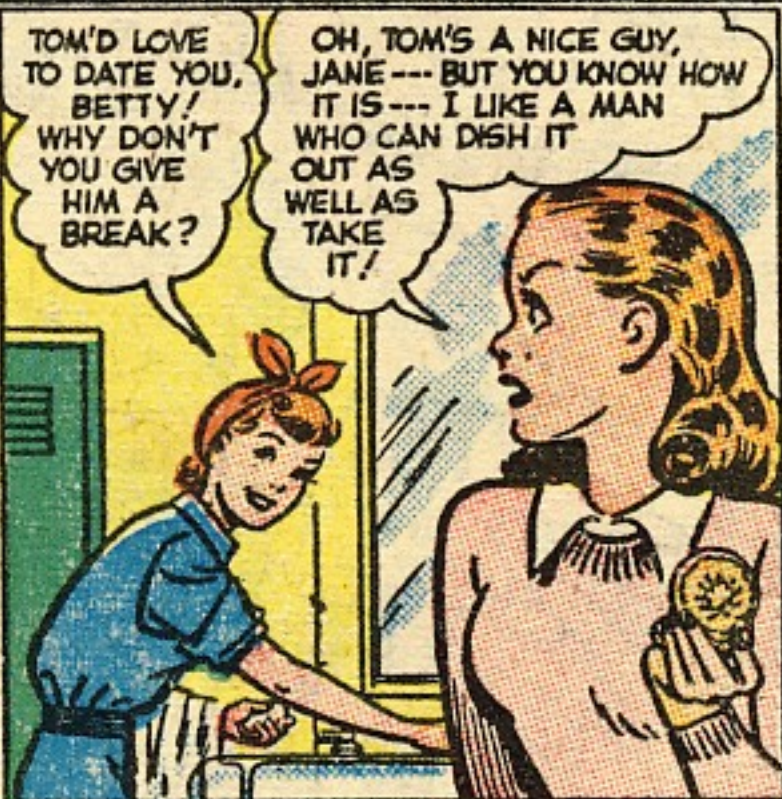


IT'S GOING TO FEEL GOOD! I'M TIRED OF PLAYING DEAD!

FOR A DEAD MAN YOU SURE RAISED THE VERY DEVIL WITH THE COMMIES! IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG TIME BEFORE THEIR LEADERS CONVINCE THEIR TROOPS THAT THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST A "DIRTY IMPERIALISTIC PLOT!!"



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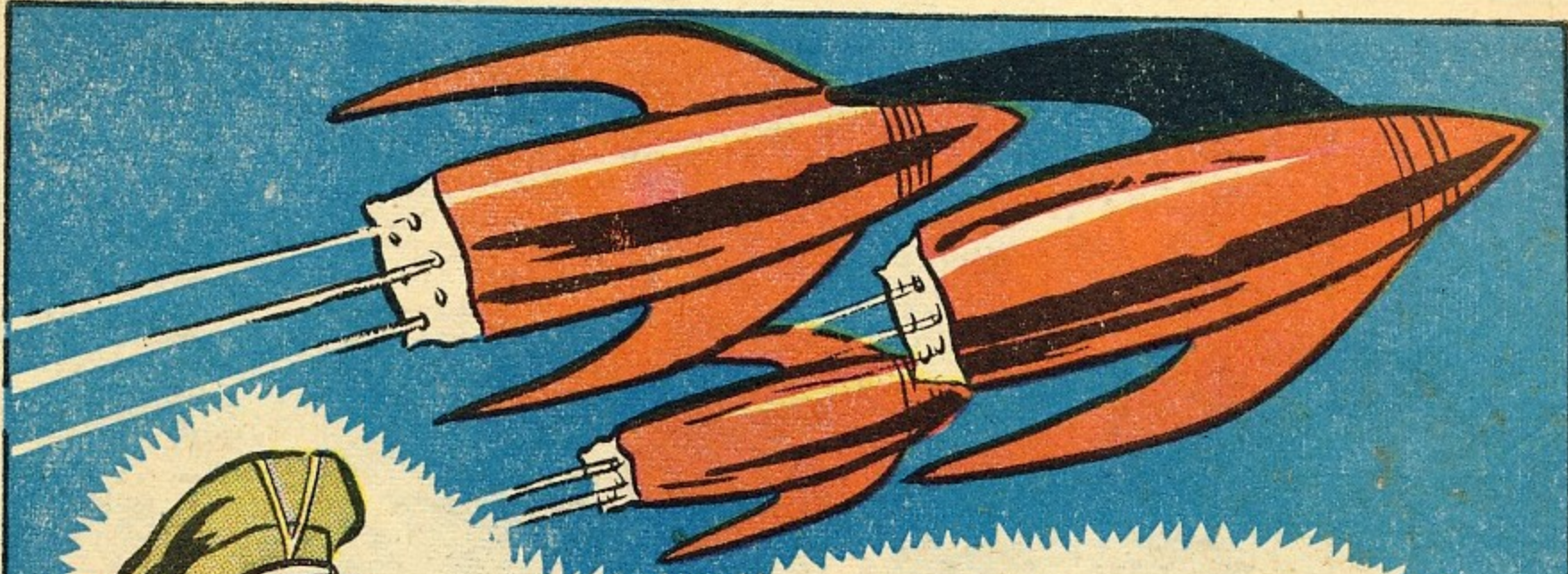
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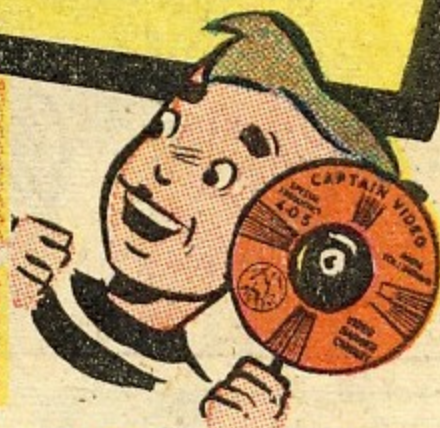
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# The S E A R C H







YOUR VOICE IS GETTING FAINTER, BEN! SPEAK UP!

I AM! I'M SHOUTING! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME?



SPEAK UP, BEN-- SPEAK UP!

HOLY CATS! HIS INTERCOM MUST BE GOING ON THE BLINK! TOM-- LISTEN TO ME! I'M YELLING! TOM!!



IT'S NO USE! HE CAN'T HEAR ME! WHAT ROTTEN LUCK THAT MAN HAS! LOST HIS MEN AND HIS PLANE HALF A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE THIS!



A HALF DOZEN TIMES HE'S MANAGED TO RETURN TO OUR LINES! BUT THIS TIME HE WON'T MAKE IT! THE CARDS ARE STACKED AGAINST HIM--UNLESS...

UNLESS WHAT, SIR?



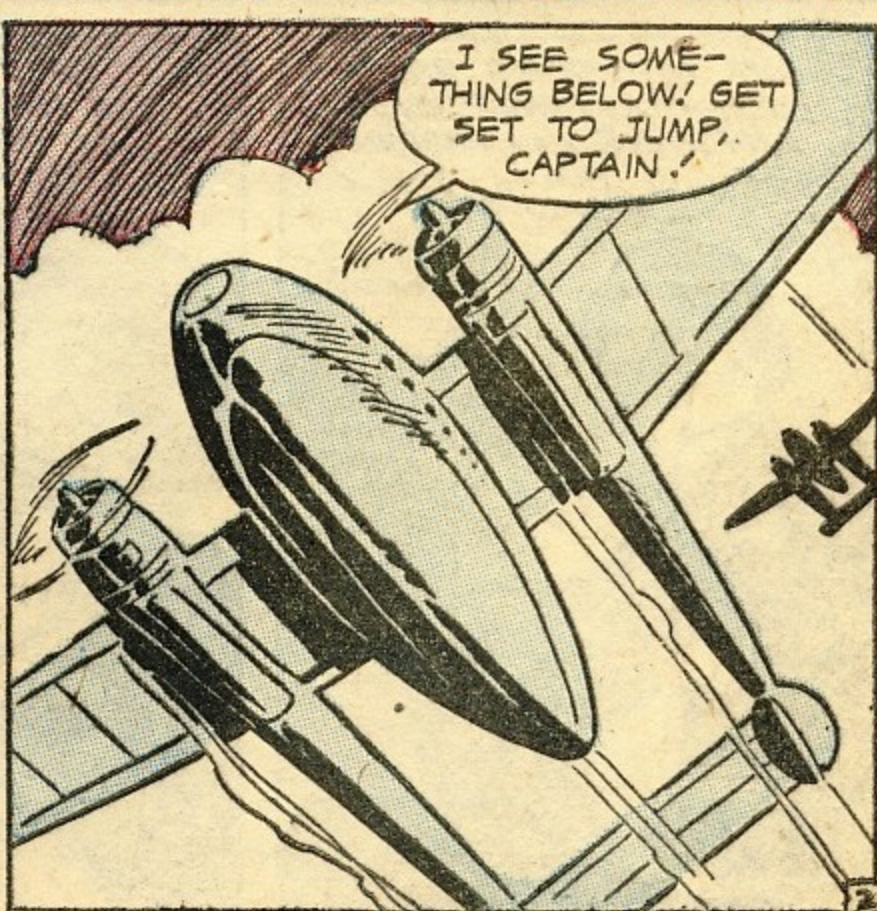
UNLESS SOMEBODY JUMPS DOWN AFTER HIM TO HELP HIM! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN DO IT NOW--ME!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR COMBAT OPERATION, CAPTAIN SIMMONS? YOUR MEN BACK THERE?



THEY KNOW WHAT TO DO. MY AIDE, LT. PETERS, HAS THE BATTLE STRATEGY IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND. THEY WON'T MISS ME OR NEED ME ONE HALF AS MUCH AS DANNING WILL! FIND THE SPOT WHERE DANNING CAME DOWN, AND TELL ME WHEN TO JUMP!

OKAY, CAPTAIN!



I SEE SOMETHING BELOW! GET SET TO JUMP, CAPTAIN!









HOLY SMOKES!  
THIS GUY'S  
DEAD!



THEY'RE  
ALL DEAD!



THANK HEAVENS  
TOM'S NOT ONE OF  
THEM! COULD HE  
HAVE BAILED OUT?



NO! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!  
HERE'S HIS PARACHUTE!  
(GASP!)--GOOD GRIEF!  
THESE GUYS HAVE BEEN  
SHOT IN THE **BACK**  
OF THE HEAD!!



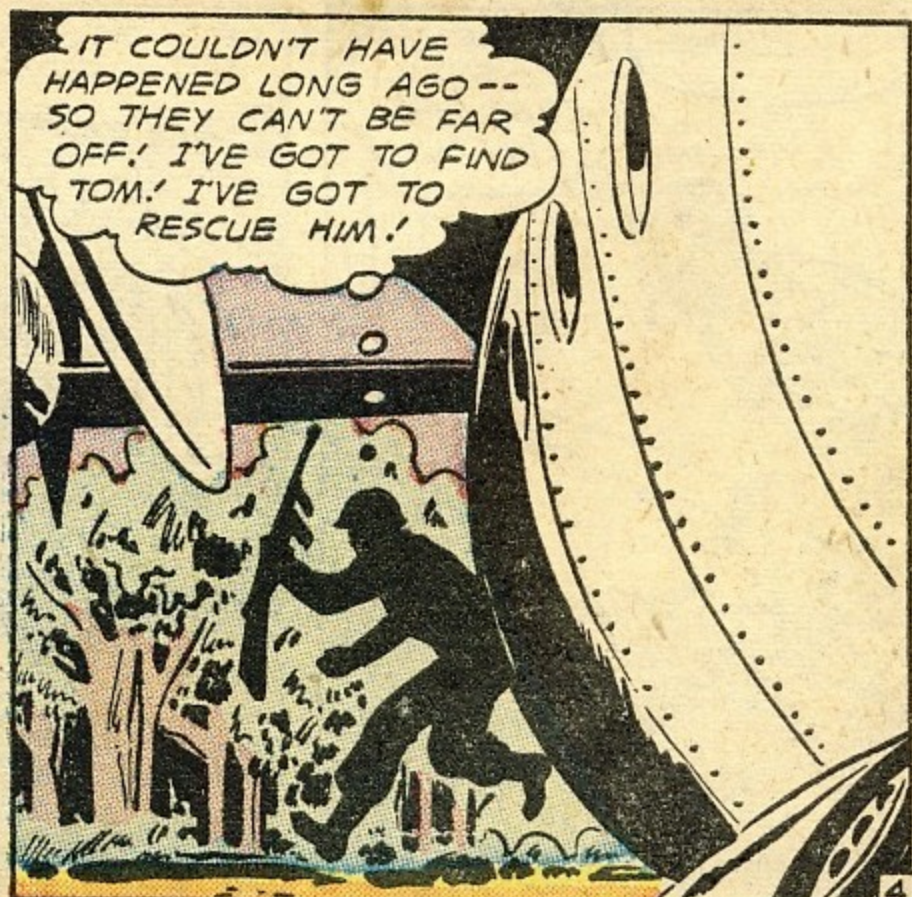
THEY'VE ALL BEEN  
SHOT DEAD--IN THE  
BACK--BEHIND THE  
EAR! IT MUST'VE  
HAPPENED **AFTER**  
THE PLANE LANDED!  
TOM KNOWS NOTHING  
ABOUT PILOTING!



I'VE GOT IT! THE  
**REDS** SAW THE PLANE  
COME DOWN! THEY  
SWARMED ABOARD--  
OVERPOWERED TOM--  
THEN SHOT THESE  
GUYS IN COLD  
BLOOD!



THERE'S ONLY ONE  
REASON WHY THEY COULD  
HAVE SPARED TOM--FOR  
SOMETHING **WORSE!** THEY  
DRAGGED HIM OUT INTO  
THE WOODS TO **TORTURE**  
HIM TO DEATH!



IT COULDN'T HAVE  
HAPPENED LONG AGO--  
SO THEY CAN'T BE FAR  
OFF! I'VE GOT TO FIND  
TOM! I'VE GOT TO  
RESCUE HIM!







NO! THEY THOUGHT  
I MIGHT NEED IT  
AGAIN!—AND I DO!

T-TOM!  
YOU GONE  
CRAZY?!

BANG!

CRAZY LIKE A FOX!  
YOU SUCKER! YOU CAME  
TO RESCUE ME! I  
SABOTAGED THE PLANE,  
AND EVERY OTHER PLANE  
I EVER FLEW! I KILLED  
THE CREW! I BROUGHT  
THE PLANE DOWN!

I'D DONE IT SIX TIMES  
BEFORE! I HANDED OVER  
SIX PLANES AND CREWS TO  
THE REDS! YOU GULLIBLE  
FOOL! DID YOU ACTUALLY  
THINK IT WAS JUST  
BAD LUCK?

BAM!

NOW YOU KNOW,  
SUCKER! I'M A RED  
AGENT! I WAS GETTING  
READY TO TURN OVER  
MY SEVENTH JOB—  
COMPLETE—TO MY  
PIGTAILED PALS!

BUT THE BIGGEST  
JOKE OF ALL! YOU  
CAME TO HELP ME!  
THAT'S A LAUGH!

YEAH.  
IT'S YOUR  
LAST  
LAUGH!

I CAME TO SAVE  
A FRIEND. BUT THERE  
IS NO FRIEND. ONLY  
AN ENEMY!

AAAAAAAAAAAA

RATATATAT

SO I'LL TREAT  
YOU LIKE AN  
ENEMY! DIE, YOU  
DIRTY, MURDER-  
ING RAT!

EEEEEEEEEEEE

**F**IVE MINUTES LATER, THERE  
WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AS  
SIMMONS DESTROYED THE PLANE.  
THEN CAME A DEATHLY SILENCE—  
AS THE PARATROOPER LIMPED  
BACK TO HIS OWN LINES, SIM-  
MON'S SEARCH WAS ENDED!



THE  
END



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- How to Make Everyday Events Sound Interesting
- How to Make Your Sweetheart Write More Often
- How to Express Your Love
- How to Make (or Break) a Date
- How to Acknowledge a Gift
- How to "Make Up"
- How to Say "Those Little Things"
- How to Assure Him (or Her) of Your Faithfulness
- How to Make Him (or Her) Miss You
- How to Propose by Letter



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LOVE  
LETTERS

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# I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

## I TRAINED THESE MEN



**LOST JOB, NOW HAS OWN SHOP**  
"Got laid off my machine shop job which I believe was best thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week."—E. T. Slate, Corsicana, Texas.

**GOOD JOB WITH STATION**  
"I am Broadcast Engineer at WLPM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here... more work than we can handle."—J. H. Bangley, Suffolk, Va.



**\$10 TO \$15 WEEK SPARE TIME**  
"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios... averaged \$10 to \$15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

**SWITCHED TO TV SERVICING**  
"I recently switched over from studio work and am now holding a position as service technician. I am still with RCA, enjoying my work more and more every day."—N. Ward, Ridgefield, N. J.



## WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."



## 1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

## 2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

## 3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized... many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

## You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

### Mail Coupon—find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 2NNI, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th Year.

## Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 2NNI  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Approved under G.I. Bill

This Is Just Some of  
the Equipment My  
Students Build. All  
Parts Yours to Keep.

## Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience... work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

2 FREE BOOKS  
SHOW HOW  
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The ABC's of  
SERVICING

How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
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**AMAZING DASH-BOARD CONTROLLED!**

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  - N—ENGINE IDLES
  - 1—FORWARD SLOW
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  - 3—FASTER
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  - BRAKE LEVER

Turn the key and the car is off! You can make it go wherever you wish because it's a genuine 3 gear motor car that shifts into first, second, third or reverse . . . And if you want to stop, keep your hand on the steering wheel and pull on your brakes! It's the miniature version of a grown-up convertible with all of the same features . . . long, slim lines, real rubber walled tires, a plexiglas windshield, straight running board, and two front headlights! Comes already assembled in bright modern colors.

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SHOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT JINGLE BELLS THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL RIP VAN WINKLE TOM THUMB ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT WINKIN WILLIE

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Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVUE Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all! **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

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I'm Terrific!

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Hey kids — here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist — in a jiffy! Imagine — you can make **HAPPY the COWBOY** actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head — watch his lips move — hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks — rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants . . . Show off your skill at parties — at school! **SEND NO MONEY** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



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the Doll whose HAIR YOU CAN WAVE!

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A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of . . . plastic curlers . . . rubber waving bands . . . waving end papers . . . plastic comb . . . and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

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